

Goldsmith, Oliver,

The poems of O. Goldsmith and Cunningham

Gotha 1807

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Goldsmith



















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*Containing the Poems of O. Goldsmith and  
Cunningham.*

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G O T H A

PRINTED FOR STEUDEL AND KEIL

1807.



THE  
P O E M S  
OF  
O. GOLDSMITH  
AND  
C U N N I N G H A M.

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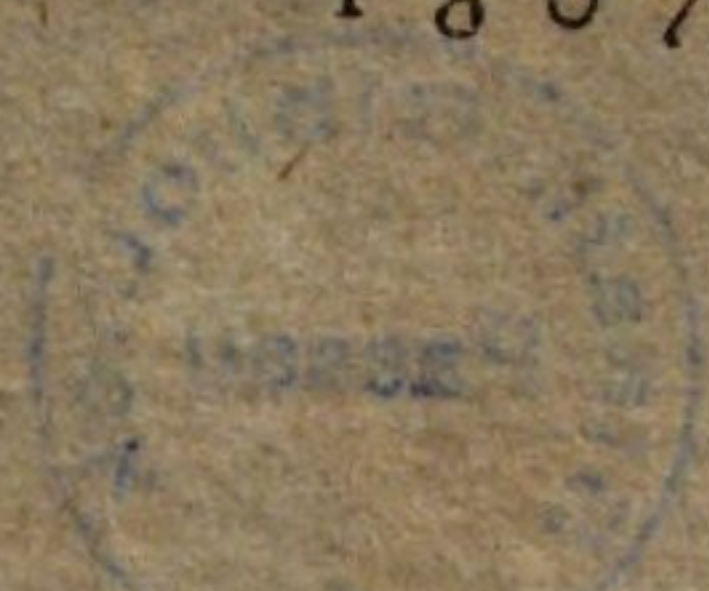
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THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF  
THE AUTHOR.



THE  
POETICAL WORKS

OF  
OLIVER COLUMBIA, M.B.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF



---

SKETCH  
OF  
*THE LIFE AND WRITINGS*  
OF  
OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

---

**T**HIS gentleman was born at Elphin, in the county of Roscommon, in Ireland, in the year 1729. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, had four sons, of whom Oliver was the youngest. He studied the classics in Mr. Hughes's school, and on the 11th of June, 1744, was admitted a sizar in Trinity College, Dublin.

During his continuance at the University, he made no display of those shining abilities, which afterwards so distinguishedly marked his genius. In the month of February, 1749, which was two years after the regular course of those things, he obtained the



degree of Bachelor of Arts. In the year 1751, he visited Edinburgh, having previously turned his thoughts to the profession of physic, and attended some courses of anatomy in Dublin. At Edinburgh, he studied the different branches of medicine under the respective professors in that University. His thoughtless though beneficent disposition soon involved him in difficulties; and, having made himself responsible for the debt of another person, a fellow student, he was obliged abruptly to leave Scotland, in order to avoid the horrors of a prison.

In the beginning of the year 1754, he arrived at Sunderland; but being pursued by a legal process, on account of the debt we have just mentioned, he was arrested; but he was afterwards set at liberty by the friendship of Mr. Laughlin Maclane, and Dr. Sleigh, who were then in the college.

Having surmounted this embarrassment, he embarked on board a Dutch ship, and arrived at Rotterdam; from whence he went to Brussels; then visited great part of Flanders, and afterwards, Strasbourg and Louvain, where he continued some time, and obtained the degree of Bachelor in Physic. From thence he went to Geneva, in company with an English gentleman. It is a circumstance



worth recording, that he had so strong a propensity to see different countries, men and manners, that even the necessity of walking on foot, could not deter him from this favourite pursuit. His German flute, on which he played tolerably well, frequently supplied him with the means of subsistence, and his learning procured him a favourable reception at most of the religious houses he visited. He himself tells us, that whenever he approached a peasant's house, he played one of his most merry tunes, and that generally procured him not only a lodging, but subsistence for the next day. This, however, was not the case with the rich, who generally despised both him and his music.

He had not been long arrived at Geneva, when he met with a young man, who, by the death of an uncle, was become possessed of a considerable fortune, and to whom Mr. Goldsmith was recommended for a travelling companion. — As avarice was the prevailing principle of this young man, it cannot be supposed he was long pleased with his preceptor, who was of a contrary turn of mind.

Mr. Goldsmith, during his residence at the college of Edinburgh, had given marks of his rising genius for poetry, which Switzerland greatly contributed to bring to maturity



rity. It was here he wrote the first sketch of his *Traveller*, which he sent to his brother Henry, a clergyman in Ireland, who, despising Fame and Fortune, retired with an amiable wife, on an income of only forty pounds per annum, to pass a life of happiness and obscurity.

Our poet and his pupil continued together until they arrived at the south of France, where, on a disagreement, they parted, and our author was left to struggle with all the difficulties that a man could experience, who was in a state of poverty, in a foreign country, without friends. Yet, notwithstanding all his difficulties, his ardour for travelling was not abated; and he persisted in his scheme, though he was frequently obliged to be beholden to his flute and the peasants. At length, his curiosity being gratified, he bent his course towards England, and about the beginning of the winter, in 1758, he arrived at Dover.

His situation was not much mended on his arrival in London, at which period the whole of his finances were reduced to a few halfpence. What must be the gloomy apprehensions of a man in so forlorn a situation, and an utter stranger in the metropolis! He applied to several apothecaries for employ-



ment; but his awkward appearance, and his broad Irish accent, were so much against him, that he met only with ridicule and contempt. At last, however, merely through motives of humanity, he was taken notice of by a chemist, who employed him in his laboratory.

In this situation he continued, till he was informed, that his old friend Dr. Sleight was in London. He then quitted the chemist, and lived some time upon the liberality of the doctor; but, disliking a life of dependence on the generosity of his friend, and being unwilling to be burthensome to him, he soon accepted an offer that was made him, of assisting the late Rev. Dr. Milner, in the education of young gentlemen, at his academy at Peckham. During the time he remained in this situation, he gave much satisfaction to his employer; but as he had obtained some reputation from criticisms he had written in the Monthly Review, he eagerly engaged in the compilation of that work, with Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor. He accordingly returned to London, took a lodging in Green-Arbour Court, in the Old Bailey, and commenced a professed author.

This was in the year 1759, before the close of which he produced several works,



particular a periodical publication, called *The Bee*, and *An Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*. He also became a writer in *The Public Ledger*, in which his *Citizen of the World* originally appeared under the title of *Chinese Letters*. His reputation extended so rapidly, and his connections became so numerous, that he was soon enabled to emerge from his mean lodgings in the Old Bailey to the politer air of the Temple, where he took chambers in 1762, and lived in a more creditable manner. At length, his reputation was fully established by the publication of *The Traveller* in the year 1765. His *Vicar of Wakefield* followed his *Traveller*, and his *History of England* was followed by the performance of his Comedy of *The Good-natured Man*, all which contributed to place him among the first rank of the poets of these times.

*The Good-natured Man* was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre, in the year 1768. Many parts of this play exhibit the strongest indications of our author's comic talents. There is, perhaps, no character on the stage more happily imagined, and more highly finished than *Croaker's*; nor do we recollect so original and successful an incident, as that of the letter, which he conceives to be the



composition of the incendiary, and feels a thousand ridiculous horrors in consequence of his absurd apprehension. The audience, however, having been just before exalted on the sentimental stilts of *False Delicacy*, a comedy by Mr. Kelly, they regarded a few scenes in Mr. Goldsmith's piece as too low for their entertainment, and therefore treated them with unjustifiable severity. Nevertheless *The Good-natured Man* succeeded, though in a degree inferior to its merit. The prologue to it, which is excellent, was written by Dr. Samuel Johnson.

In 1773, the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, or *The Mistakes of a Night*, was acted at Covent-Garden Theatre. This piece was considered as a farce by some writers; even if so, it must be ranked among the farces of a man of genius. One of the most ludicrous circumstances it contains, which is that of the robbery, is said to be borrowed from *Albamazzar*.

Mr. Colman, who was then a manager of the theatre, had very little opinion of this piece, and made so keen a remark on it, while in rehearsal, that the Doctor never forgave him for it. The piece, however, succeeded contrary to Mr. Colman's expecta-



tions, being received with uncommon applause by the audience.

The last theatrical piece the Doctor produced, was *The Grumbler*, a Farce, altered from Sedley. It was acted at Covent-Garden, in 1773, for the benefit of Mr. Quick; but it was acted only one night, and was never printed.

The Doctor might, with a little attention to prudence and oeconomy, have placed himself in a state above want and dependence. He is said to have acquired, in one year, one thousand eight hundred pounds; and the advantages arising from his writings were very considerable for many years before his death. But these were rendered useless by an improvident liberality, which prevented his distinguishing properly the objects of his generosity; and an unhappy attachment to gaming, with the arts of which he was very little acquainted. He therefore remained at times as much embarrassed in his circumstances, as when his income was in its lowest and most precarious state.

He had been for some years, at different times, affected with a violent stranguary, which contributed to embitter the latter part of his life, and which, united with the vexations he suffered upon other occasions,



brought on a kind of habitual despondency. In this condition he was attacked by a nervous fever, which, in spite of the most able medical assistance, terminated in his dissolution, on the 4th day of April, 1774, in the forty-fifth year of his age.

His remains were deposited in the burial-ground belonging to the Temple, and a monument hath since been erected to his memory, in Westminster-Abbey, at the expence of a literary club to which he belonged. It consists of a large medallion, exhibiting a good likeness of the Doctor, embellished with literary ornaments; underneath which is a tablet of white marble, with the following inscription, written by his friend Dr. Samuel Johnson.

*Englished.*

This monument is raised

To the Memory of

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

Poet, Natural Philosopher, and Historian ;

Who left no species of writing untouched,

or,

Unadorned by His Pen,

Whether to move laughter,

Or draw tears :



He was a powerful master  
Over the affections,  
Though at the same time a gentle tyrant;  
Of a genius at once sublime, lively, and  
Equal to every subject:  
In expression at once noble,  
Pure and delicate.

His memory will last  
As long as Society retains affection,  
Friendship is not void of Honour,  
And Reading wants not her admirers.  
He was born in the kingdom of Ireland,  
At Fernes, in the province  
Of Leinster,

Where Pallas had set her name,

29th Nov. 1731.

He was educated at Dublin,

And died in London,

4th April, 1774.

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# POEMS

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.

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POEMS

BY

DR. COLDS MITCHELL



---

## DEDICATION.

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TO THE  
REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,

I AM sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a Dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this Poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man, who, despising Fame and Fortune, has retired early to Happiness and Obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year.



I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of Ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition, what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party, that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, Painting and Music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival Poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and, though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birth-right.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of late in favour of blank verse, and Pindaric odes, chorusses, anapests and iam-bics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend



send it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous, I mean Party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tyger, that seldom desists from pursuing man, after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes, ever after, the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some halfwitted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his phrenzy fire.

What reception a Poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states, that are differently



governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge, better than yourself, how far these positions are illustrated in this Poem. I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate Brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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---

THE  
TRAVELLER;  
OR,  
A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

---

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,  
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;  
Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor  
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;  
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,  
A weary waste expanding to the skies;  
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,  
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:  
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,  
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,  
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;  
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire  
To pause from toil, and trim their evening  
fire;

Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,  
And every stranger finds a ready chair;



Blest be those feasts with simple plenty  
crown'd,

Where all the ruddy family around  
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,  
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;  
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,  
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,  
My prime of life in wandering spent and  
care:

Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue  
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the  
view;

That like the circle bounding earth and skies,  
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;  
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,  
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,  
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;  
And plac'd on high above the storm's career,  
Look downward where a hundred realms  
appear.

Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,  
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler  
pride.

When thus Creation's charms around com-  
bine,  
Amidst the store, should thankless pride re-  
pine?



Say, should the philosophic mind disdain  
That good which makes each humbler bo-  
som vain?

Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,  
These little things are great to little man;  
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind,  
Exults in all the good of all mankind.

Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splen-  
dor crown'd;

Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion  
round;

Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;

Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale!

For me your tributary stores combine:

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine.

As some lone miser, visiting his store,  
Bends at his treasury, counts, recounts it o'er;  
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,  
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:  
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,  
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man  
supplies:

Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,  
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;  
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find  
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,  
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope  
at rest,

May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.



But where to find that happiest spot below,

Who can direct, when all pretend to know?  
 The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone  
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;  
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,  
 And his long nights of revelry and ease.  
 The naked negro, panting at the line,  
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,  
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,  
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.  
 Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,  
 His first, best country, ever is at home.  
 And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,  
 And estimate the blessings which they share,  
 Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find  
 An equal portion dealt to all mankind:  
 As different good, by art or nature given,  
 To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,  
 Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;  
 With food as well the peasant is supply'd  
 On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;  
 And though the rocky-crested summits frown,  
 These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.

From art more various are the blessings sent;  
 Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.



Yet these each other's power so strong contest,  
That either seems destructive of the rest.

Where wealth and freedom reign, content-  
ment fails;

And honour sinks where commerce long pre-  
vails.

Hence every state to one lov'd blessing prone,  
Conforms and models life to that alone,  
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,  
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;  
'Till carried to excess in each domain,  
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer  
eyes,

And trace them through the prospect as it  
lies:

Here for awhile my proper cares resign'd,  
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;  
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,  
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Appenine ascends,  
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;  
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,  
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;  
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops be-  
tween

With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,  
The sons of Italy were surely blest.



Whatever fruits in different climes are found,  
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;  
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,  
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;  
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky  
 With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die;  
 These here disporting own the kindred soil,  
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;  
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand  
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,  
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.  
 In florid beauty, groves and fields appear,  
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles  
 here.

Contrasted faults through all his manners  
 reign;

Though poor, luxurious; though submissive,  
 vain;

Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;  
 And even in penance planning sins anew.

All evils here contaminate the mind,  
 That opulence departed leaves behind;  
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the  
 date,

When commerce proudly flourish'd through the  
 state:

At her command the palace learnt to rise,  
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;



The canvas glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,  
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:  
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,  
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;  
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,  
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a  
                slave:

And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,  
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supply'd  
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;  
From these the feeble heart and long-fallen  
mind

An easy compensation seem to find.

Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,  
The paste-board triumph and the cavalcade:  
Processions form'd for piety and love,  
A mistress or a saint in every grove.

By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,  
The sports of children satisfy the child;  
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,  
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;  
While low delights succeeding fast behind,  
In happier meannesses occupy the mind:

As in those domes, where Cæſars once bore  
ſway,

Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,  
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,  
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;



And, wondering man could want the larger  
pile,

Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them, turn we to  
survey

Where rougher climes a nobler race display,  
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion  
tread,

And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;  
No product here the barren hills afford,  
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.  
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,  
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;  
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,  
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread  
a charm,

Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.  
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho'  
small,

He sees his little lot the lot of all;  
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,  
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;  
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,  
To make him loath his vegetable meal:  
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,  
Each with contracting, fits him to the soil.  
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,  
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;



With patient angle trolls the finny deep,  
Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the  
steep;

Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark  
the way,

And drags the struggling savage into day.

At night returning, every labour sped,

He sits him down the monarch of a shed;

Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys

His childrens' looks; that brighten at the  
blaze;

While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,

Displays her cleanly platter on the board:

And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,

With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,

Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;

And even those ills, that round his mansion  
rise,

Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies:

Dear is that shed to which his soul con-  
forms,

And dear that hill which lifts him to the  
storms;

And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,

Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's  
roar,

But bind him to his native mountains more.



Such are the charms to barren states assign'd;  
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:

Yet let them only share the praises due,  
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;  
 For every want that stimulates the breast,  
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest,  
 Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,

That first excites desire and then supplies.  
 Unknown to them when sensual pleasures cloy,

To fill the languid pause with finer joy;  
 Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,

Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.

Their level life is but a mouldering fire,  
 Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;

Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer,  
 On some high festival of once a year,  
 In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,  
 Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;  
 Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;  
 For, as refinement stops, from fire to son  
 Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;



And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart  
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.

Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast  
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;  
But all the gentler morals, such a play  
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm  
the way.

These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions, fly  
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners  
reign,

I turn; and France displays her bright domain:  
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,  
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world  
can please,

How often have I led the sportive choir,  
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring  
Loire!

Where shading elms along the margin grew,  
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew:  
And haply, though my harsh touch fault'ring still,  
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's  
skill;

Yet would the village praise my wondrous  
power,

And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour.  
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days  
Have led their children through the mirthful  
maze,



And the gay grandfire, skil'd in gestic lore,  
 Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore,  
 So blest a life these thoughtless realms  
 display,

Thus idly busy rolls their world away:  
 Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,  
 For honour forms the social temper here.  
 Honour, that praise which real merit gains,  
 Or even imaginary worth obtains,  
 Here passes current; paid from hand to hand  
 It shifts, in splendid traffic, round the land;  
 From courts to camps, to cottages in strays,  
 And all are taught an avarice of praise;  
 They please, are pleas'd, they give to get  
 esteem,  
 Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they  
 seem.

But while his softer art their bliss supplies,  
 It gives their follies also room to rise;  
 For praise, too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,  
 Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;  
 And the weak soul, within itself unblest,  
 Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.  
 Hence ostentation here, which tawdry art,  
 Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;  
 Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,  
 And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;  
 Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,  
 To boast one splendid banquet once a year;



The mind still turns where shifting fashion  
draws,

Nor weights the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,  
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.  
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,  
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,  
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,  
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.  
Onwards, methinks, and diligently flow,  
The firm, connected bulwark seems to grow;  
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,  
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore:  
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,  
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;  
The flow canal, the yellow blossom'd vale,  
The willow-rufted bank, the gliding sail,  
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,  
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected  
soil

Impels the native to repeated toil.  
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,  
And industry begets a love of gain.  
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,  
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,  
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth  
imparts

Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts:



But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,  
Even liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,  
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;  
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,  
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,  
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,  
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of  
old!

Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;  
War in each breast, and freedom on each  
brow;

How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her  
wing,

And flies where Britain courts the western  
spring;

Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis  
glide,

There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
There gentle music melts on every spray;  
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,  
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state  
With daring aims irregularly great;

Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
I see the lords of human kind pass by;

In-



Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,  
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
True to imagin'd right, above controul,  
While even the peasant boasts these rights  
to scan,

And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pic-  
tur'd here

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;  
Too blest indeed, — were such without alloy,  
But foster'd even by Freedom ills annoy;  
That independence Britons prize too high,  
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social  
tie;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,  
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;  
Here by the bonds of nature feebly held,  
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.  
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,  
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,  
Till over-wrought, the general system feels  
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,  
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,  
Fictions bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,  
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.  
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,  
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;



Till time may come, when, stript of all her  
 charms,

The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,  
 Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,  
 Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for  
 fame,

One sink of level avarice shall lie,  
 And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills  
 I state,

I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;  
 Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,  
 Far from my bosom drive the low desire;  
 And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel  
 The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;  
 Thou transitory flower, alike undone  
 By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun,  
 Still may thy blooms the changeful clime  
 endure,

I only would repress them to secure;  
 For just experience tells, in every soil,  
 That those who think must govern those that  
 toil;

And all that freedom's highest aims can reach,  
 Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.  
 Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,  
 Its double weight must ruin all below.

O then how blind to all that truth requires,  
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires!



Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,  
Except when fast approaching danger warms:  
But when contending chiefs blockade the  
throne.

Contracting regal power to stretch their own;  
When I behold a factious band agree  
To call it freedom when themselves are free;  
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,  
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the  
law;

The wealth of climes, where savage nations  
roam,

Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;  
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,  
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;  
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful  
hour,

When first ambition struck at regal power;  
And thus polluting honour in its source,  
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double  
force.

Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled  
shore,

Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?  
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,  
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they  
waste;



Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,  
Lead stern population in her train,  
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
In barren solitary pomp repose?  
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,  
The smiling long-frequented village fall?  
Beheld the duteous son, the fire decay'd,  
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,  
Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy  
train,

To traverse climes beyond the western main;  
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps  
around,

And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim  
strays

Through tangl'd forests, and through dan-  
gerous ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,  
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous  
aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,  
And all around distressful yells arise,  
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,  
Too stop too fearful, and too faint to go,  
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,  
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find  
That bliss which only centers in the mind:



Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,  
To seek a good each government bestows?  
In every government, though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or  
cure.

Still to ourselves in every place confign'd,  
Our own felicity we make or find:  
With secret course, which no loud storms  
annoy,

Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.  
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our  
own.



# DEDICATION

TO

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN have no expectations in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest therefore aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since



dead. Permit me to inscribe this poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification, and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to enquire: but I know you will object (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarce make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I alledge, and that all my views and enquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. — But this is not the place to enter into an enquiry, whether the country be depopulating, or not; the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty



or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity, in that particular, as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that, merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your sincere Friend,

And ardent Admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



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THE  
DESERTED VILLAGE.

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**SWEET** *Auburn!* loveliest village of the  
plain,  
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labour-  
ing swain,  
Where smiling Spring its earliest visits paid,  
And parting Summer's ling'ring bloom delay'd.  
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
Seats of my youth, when every sport could  
please.  
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,  
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!  
How often have I paus'd on every charm,  
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,  
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
The decent church that topt the neighbour-  
ing hill,  
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the  
shade,  
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!



How often have I blest'd the coming day,  
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,  
And all the village train, from labour free,  
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
The young contending as the old survey'd;  
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,  
And flights of art and feats of strength went  
round.

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,  
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;  
The dancing pair, that simply sought renown,  
By holding out to tire each other down;  
The swain, mistrustless of his smuttred face,  
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;  
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,  
The matron's glance that would those looks  
reprove:

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports  
like these,  
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to  
please;  
These round thy bowers their cheerful in-  
fluence shed,  
These were thy charms — But all these charms  
are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-  
drawn;



Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,  
And defolation faddens all thy green:

One only master grasps the whole domain,  
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;  
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,  
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy  
way;

Along thy glades, a solitary guest,  
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;  
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,  
And tires their echoes with unvary'd cries.  
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring  
wall,

And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's  
hand.

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may  
fade;

A breath can make them, as a breath has made:

But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time there was, ere England's griefs  
began,

When every rood of ground maintain'd its  
man;



For him light labour spread her wholesome  
store,

Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling  
train

Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;  
And every want to luxury ally'd,  
And every pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful  
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the  
green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet *Auburn*! parent of the blissful hour,  
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.  
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,  
And many a year elaps'd, return to view  
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn  
grew,

Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.



In all my wand'rings round this world of  
care,  
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my  
share—

I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,  
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;  
To husband out life's taper at the close,  
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:  
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still,  
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd  
skill,

Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;  
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns  
pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he  
flew,

I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline,  
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,  
How blest is he who crowns in shades like  
these,

A youth of labour with an age of ease;  
Who quits a world where strong temptations  
try,

And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!  
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,  
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;



No surly porter stands in guilty state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;  
 Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way;  
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at ev'ning's  
 close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;  
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came soften'd from be-  
 low;

The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that low'd to meet their  
 young;

The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school;  
 The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'r-  
 ing wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant  
 mind;

These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,  
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.  
 But now the sounds of population fail,  
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,  
 No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,  
 But all the blooming flush of life is fled,



All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,  
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring:  
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for  
bread,

To strip the brook with mantling cresses  
spread;

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,  
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;  
She only left of all the harmless train,  
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

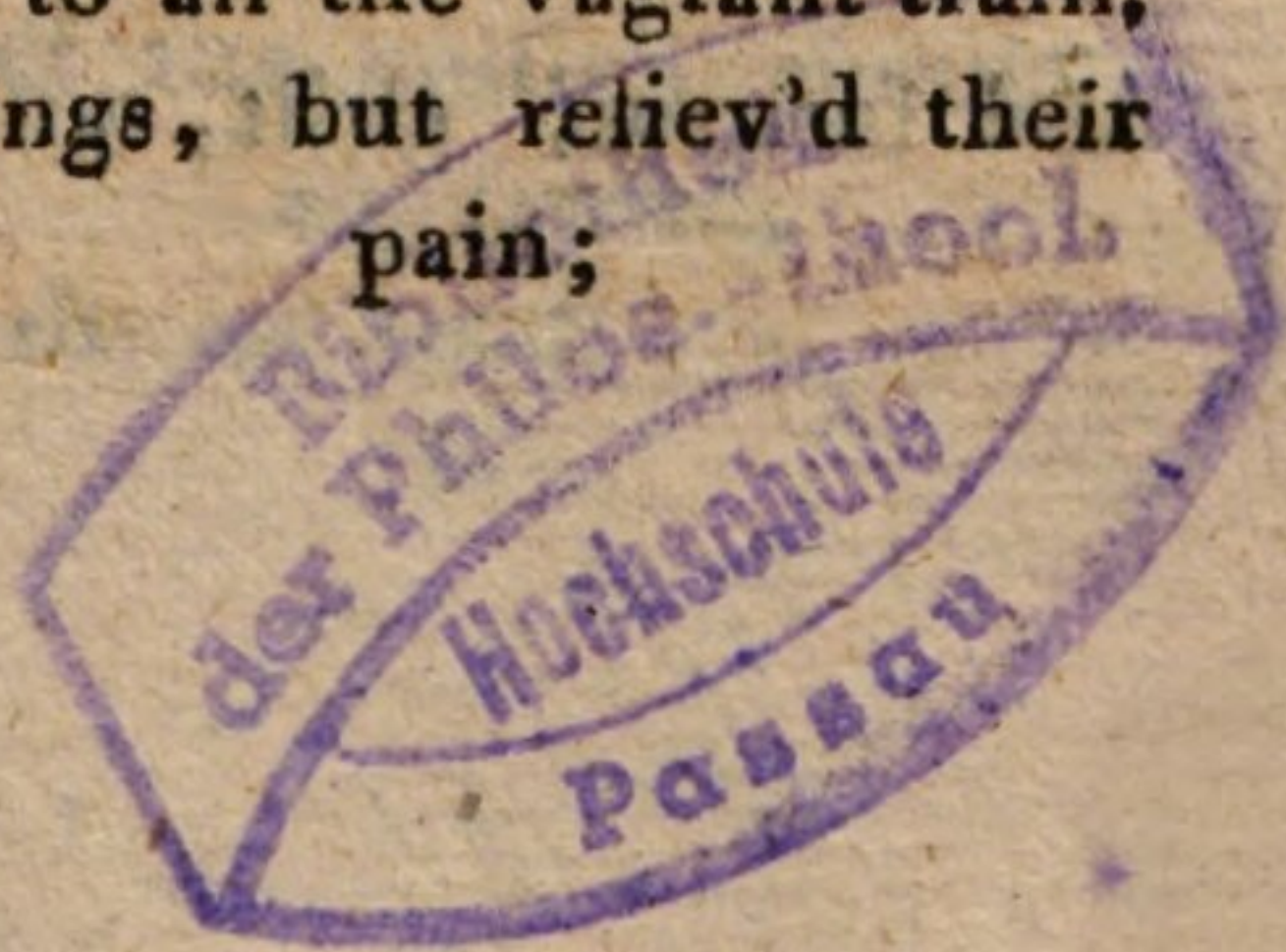
Near yonder copse, where once a garden  
smil'd,

And still where many a garden flower grows  
wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place  
disclose,

The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was, to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change  
his place;

Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;  
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their  
pain;





The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,  
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;  
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,  
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims  
 allow'd;

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,  
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,  
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields  
 were won.

Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd  
 to glow,

And quite forgot their vices in their woe;  
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,  
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
 And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;  
 But in his duty prompt, at every call  
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt,  
 for all.

And as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
 To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the  
 skies,

He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
 Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was  
 laid,

And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dis-  
 may'd,

The



The rev'rend champion stood. At his con-  
troul,

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch  
to raise,

And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double  
sway,

And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to  
pray.

The service past, around the pious man,  
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;  
Even children follow'd, with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown to share the good  
man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares  
distrest;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were  
given,

But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the  
storm,

Though round its breast the rolling clouds  
are spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on its head.



Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the  
way,

With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village-master taught his little school;  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew;  
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace,  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault;  
The village all declar'd how much he knew:  
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides  
prefage,

And even the story ran that he could gauge;  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill,  
For even though vanquish'd, he cou'd argue  
still!

While words of learned length, and thund'r-  
ing sound,

Amaz'd the gaping rustics rang'd around,  
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder  
grew,

That one small head should carry all he knew.



But past is all his fame. The very spot  
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on  
high,

Where once the sign-post caught the passing  
eye,

Low lies that house where nut-brown  
draughts inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil re-  
tir'd,

Where village-statesmen talk'd with looks  
profound,

And news much older than their ale went  
round.

Imagination fondly stoops to trace

The parlour splendors of that festive place;

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely landed  
floor,

The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the  
door:

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;

The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,

The Twelve Good Rules, the Royal Game  
of Goose;

The hearth, except when winter chill'd the  
day,

With aspin boughs, and flowers, and fennel  
gay,



With broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.  
 Vain, transitory splendors! could not all  
 Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall!  
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart  
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;  
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair,  
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care:  
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,  
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;  
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,  
 Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;  
 The host himself no longer shall be found  
 Careful to see the mantling blifs go round;  
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,  
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.  
 Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,  
 These simple blessings of the lowly train,  
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art,  
 Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,  
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born  
 sway;  
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,  
 Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd.  
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,  
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,  
 In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,  
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;



And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,  
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who  
survey

The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand  
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted  
ore,

And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;  
Hoards, even beyond the miser's wish abound,  
And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a  
name

That leaves our useful products still the same.  
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and  
pride,

Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;  
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,  
Space for his horses, equipage and hounds;  
The robe that wraps his limbs in filken cloth,  
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their  
growth;

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,  
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;  
Around the world each needful product flies,  
For all the luxuries the world supplies.  
While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure, all  
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.



As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,  
 Secure to please while youth confirms her  
 reign,  
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress sup-  
 plies,  
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;  
 But when those charms are past, for charms  
 are frail,  
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,  
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,  
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.  
 Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,  
 In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,  
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,  
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;  
 While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling  
 land,

The mournful peasant leads his humble band;  
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,  
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah! where shall poverty re-  
 side,

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?  
 If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,  
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,  
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,  
 And even the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?  
 To see profusion that he must not share;







When idly first, ambitious of the town,  
 She left her wheel and robes of country  
 brown.

Do thine, sweet *Auburn*, thine, the love-  
 liest train.

Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?

Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,  
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,  
 Where half the convex world intrudes  
 between,

Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they  
 go,

Where wild *Altama* murmurs to their woe.  
 Far different there from all that charm'd before,  
 The various terrors of that horrid shore;

Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,  
 And fiercely shed intolerable day;

Those matted woods where birds forget to  
 sing,

But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;

Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance  
 crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around:

Where at each step the stranger fears to wake

The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;

Where crouching tygers wait their hapless  
 prey,

And savage men more murd'rous still than they;



While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,  
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.  
 Far different these from every former scene,  
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green,  
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,  
 That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that  
 parting day

That call'd them from their native walks  
 away;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,  
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd  
 their last,

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain,  
 For seats like these beyond the western main;  
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,  
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.  
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go,  
 To new-found worlds, and wept for other's  
 woe;

But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,  
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.  
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,  
 The fond companion of his helpless years,  
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,  
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.

With louder plaints the mother spoke her  
 woes,

And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;



And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many  
a tear;  
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;  
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief  
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, luxury! thou curs'd by heaven's de-  
cree,  
How ill exchang'd are things like these for  
thee!

How do thy potions with insidious joy,  
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!  
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,  
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.

At every draught more large and large they  
grow,

A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe,  
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part un-  
found,

Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin  
round.

Even now the devastation is begun,  
And half the business of destruction done;  
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,  
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads  
the sail

That idly waiting flaps with every gale,  
Downward they move, a melancholy band,  
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.



Contented toil, and hospitable care,  
 And kind connubial tenderness, are there;  
 And piety with wishes plac'd above,  
 And steady loyalty, and faithful love.  
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,  
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;  
 Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame,  
 To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;  
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,  
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.  
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe.  
 That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;  
 Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,  
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well;  
 Farewel, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,  
 On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,  
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,  
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,  
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,  
 Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime;  
 Aid slighted truth, with thy persuasive strain;  
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;  
 Teach him, that states of native strength posselt,  
 Though very poor, may still be very blest;  
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,  
 As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;  
 While self-dependent power can time defy,  
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

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THE  
**HAUNCH OF VENISON;**  
*A POETICAL EPISTLE.*

TO  
**LORD CLARE.**

---

**T**HANKS, my lord, for your venison, for  
finer or fatter  
Never rang'd in a forest, or smoak'd in a platter;  
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,  
The fat was so white, and the lean was so  
ruddy;  
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce  
help regretting,  
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:  
I had thoughts, in my chambers, to place it  
in view,  
To be shown to my friends as a piece of virtue;  
As in some Irish houses, where things are so-so,  
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;  
But for eating a rasher of what they take  
pride in,  
They'd as soon think of eating the pan it is  
fry'd in.



But hold — let me pause — don't I hear you  
pronounce,

This tale of the bacon's a damnable bounce;  
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,  
By a bounce now and then, to get courage  
to fly.

But, my lord, its no bounce: I 'protest  
in my turn,  
Its a truth — and your lordship may ask Mr.  
Burn \*.

To go on with my tale—as I gaz'd on the  
haunch,

I thought of a friend that was trusty and  
staunch;

So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,  
To paint it, or eat it, just as he lik'd best.  
Of the neck and the breast I had next to  
dispose;

'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival  
Monroe's;

But in parting with these I was puzzled  
again,

With the how, and the who, and the where,  
and the when.

There's H—d, an C—y, and H—rth, and  
H—ff,

I think they love venison — I know they  
love beef.

\* Lord Clare's nephew.



There's my countryman Higgins — Oh! let  
him alone,

For making a blunder, or picking a bone.

But hang it — to poets who seldom can eat,  
Your very good mutton's a very good treat;  
Such dainties to them their health it might  
hurt,

Its like sending them ruffles, when wanting  
a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,  
An acquaintance, a friend as he call'd him-  
self, enter'd;

An under-bred, fine-spoken fellow was he,  
And he smil'd as he look'd at the venison  
and me.

„What have we got here? — Why this is  
good eating?

„Your own, I suppose — or is it in waiting?“

„Why whose should it be!“ cried I with a  
flounce:

„I get these things often“ — but that was  
a bounce;

„Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle  
the nation,

„Are pleas'd to be kind — but I hate osten-  
tation.“

„If that be case then,“ cried he, very  
gay,

„I'm glad I have taken this house in my way.



„To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;  
 „No words — I insist on't — precisely at  
*three;*

„We'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits  
 will be there;

„My acquaintance is slight, or I'd ask my  
 lord Clare.

„And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner!

„We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.

„What say you — a pasty; it shall, and it must,

„And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for  
 crust.

„Here, porter — this venison with me to  
 Mile-end;

„No stirring — I beg — my dear friend — my  
 dear friend!“

Thus snatching his hat, he brush'd off like  
 the wind,

And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my  
 shelf,

And „nobody with me at sea but myself,“

Tho' I could not help thinking my gentle-  
 man hasty,

Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison  
 pasty,

Were things that I never dislik'd in my life,

Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty  
 his wife.



So next day in due splendour to make my  
approach,

I drove to his door in my own hackney-coach.

When come to the place where we were  
all to dine,

(A chair-lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by  
nine:)

My friend bade me welcome, but struck me  
quite dumb,

With tidings that Johnson and Burke would  
not come;

„For I knew it,“ he cry'd, „both eternally fail,

„The one with his speeches, and t'other with  
Thrale;

„But no matter, I'll warrant we'll make up  
the party,

„With two full as clever, and ten times as  
hearty.

„The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew,

„They both of them merry, and authors like  
you;

„The one writes the Snarler, the other the  
Scourge;

„Some thinks he writes Cinna — he owns  
to Panurge.“

While thus he describ'd them by trade and  
by name,

They enter'd, and dinner was serv'd as they  
came.

At



At the top, a fry'd liver and bacon were  
seen,

At the bottom was tripe, in a swinging tureen;  
At the sides there was spinnage and pudding  
made hot;

In the mittle a place, where the pastry—was not.  
Now, my lord, as for tripe its my utter aver-  
sion,

And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;  
So there I sat stuck, like a horse in a pound,  
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:  
But what vex'd me most, was that d—'d  
Scottish rogue,

With his long-winded speeches, his smiles  
and his brogue;

And, „madam,“ quoth he, „may this bit be  
my poison,

„A prettier dinner I never set eyes on;

„Pray a slice of your liver, though may I  
be curst,

„But I've eat of your tripe, till I'm ready  
to burst.“

„The tripe, quoth the Jew, with his choco-  
late cheek;

„I could dine on this tripe seven days in a  
week:

„I like these here dinners so pretty and small;

„But your friend there, the doctor, eats no-  
thing at all.“



„O — ho! quoth my friend, he'll come on in  
a trice,

„He's keeping a corner for something that's  
nice:

„There's a pafty“ — „a pafty!“ repeated  
the Jew;

„I don't care if I keep a corner for't too.“

„What the de'il, mon, a pafty!“ re-echo'd  
the Scot;

„Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for  
that.“

„We'll all keep a corner,“ the lady cried out;

„We'll all keep a corner; was echo'd about.“

While thus we resolv'd, and the pafty delay'd,  
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the  
maid;

A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,  
Wak'd Priam in drawing his curtains by night;  
But we quickly found out, for who could  
mistake her,

That she came with some terrible news from  
the baker:

And so it fell out, for that negligent floven,  
Had shut out the pafty on shutting his oven.  
Sad Philomel thus — but let families drop —  
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.  
To be plain, my good lord, its but labour  
misplac'd,

To send such good verses to one of your taste;



You've got an odd something — a kind of  
discerning —

A relish — a taste — sicken'd over by learning;  
At least, it's your temper, as very well known,  
That you think very slightly of all that's  
your own:

So perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,  
You may make a mistake, and think slightly  
of this.

---

## RETALIATION \*.

### *A POEM.*

---

**O**F old, when Scarron his companions in-  
vited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast  
was united,

\* Dr. Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St. James's Coffee-house. — One day it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for *Retaliation*, and at their next meeting produced his poem.



If our landlord \* supplies us with beef, and  
with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings  
the best dish:  
Our dean \*\* shall be venison, just fresh from  
the plains,  
Our Burke \*\*\* shall be tongue, with the garnish  
of brains,  
Our Will † shall be wild fowl, of excellent  
flavour,  
And Dick †† with his pepper shall heighten  
the flavour:  
Our Cumberland's ††† sweet-bread its place  
shall obtain,  
And Douglas †††† is pudding, substantial and  
plain:

\* The master of St. James's Coffee-house, where the doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

\*\* Doctor Bernard, dean of Derry in Ireland.

\* \* \* Mr. Edmund Burke.

+ Mr. William Burke, late secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

†† Mr. Richard Burke, collector of Grenada.

+++ Mr. Richard Cumberland, author of the West Indian, Fashionable Lover, the Brothers, and other dramatic pieces.

+++ Doctor Douglas, canon of Windsor, an ingenious Scotch gentleman, who has no less dis-







Here lies the good dean \*, re-united to  
 earth,  
 Who mixt reason with pleasure, and wisdom  
 with mirth;  
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,  
 At least, in six weeks, I could not find e'm out;  
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be deny'd  
 e'm,  
 That fly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide  
 e'm.

Here lies our good Edmund \*\*, whose  
 genius was such,  
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too  
 much;  
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his  
 mind,  
 And to party gave up what was meant for  
 mankind.  
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining  
 his throat,  
 To persuade Tommy Townshend \*\*\* to lend  
 him a vote;  
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on  
 refining,  
 And thought of convincing, while they thought  
 of dining;

\* Vid. page 68.

\*\* Ibid.

\*\*\* Mr. T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch.



Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;  
 For a patriot too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;

And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.

In short, 'twas his fate unemploy'd, or in place, sir,

To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William \*, whose heart was a mint,

While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;

The pupil of impulse, it forc'd him along,  
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,  
 The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home;

Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;

What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!

\* Vide page 68.



What spirits were his! what wit and what  
whim!

\* Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a  
limb!

Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up  
the ball!

Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at  
all!

In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
That we wish'd him full ten times a day at  
old nick;

But, missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland \*\* lies, having acted  
his parts,

The Terence of England, the mender of hearts,  
A flattering painter, who made it his care  
To draw men as they ought to be, not as  
they are.

His gallants are all faultless, his women di-  
vine,

And comedy wonders at being so fine:

\* Mr. Richard Burke; vide page 68. This gentleman having slightly fractured one of his arms and legs, at different times, the doctor has rallied him on those accidents, as a kind of retributive justice for breaking his jests upon other people.

\*\* Vide page 68.



Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,  
Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.

His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd  
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows  
proud;

And coxcombs alike in their failings alone,  
Adopting his portraits are pleas'd with their  
own.

Say, where has our poet this malady caught?  
Or, wherefore his characters thus without  
fault?

Say, was it that vainly directing his view  
To find out men's virtues, and finding them  
few,

Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome  
elf,

He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?  
Here Douglas \* retires from his toils to  
relax,

The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks;  
Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking  
divines,

Come, and dance on the spot where your  
tyrant reclines:

When satire and censure encircled his throne,  
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

\* Vide page 68.



But now he is gone, and we want a de-  
 tector,  
 Our Dodds \* shall be pious, our Kenricks \*\*  
 shall lecture;  
 Macpherson \*\*\* write bombast, and call it a  
 style,  
 Our Townshend † make speeches, and I shall  
 compile;  
 New Lauders and Bowers †† the Tweed shall  
 cross over,  
 No countryman living their tricks to disco-  
 ver;  
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat  
 in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick †††, describe  
 him who can,  
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in  
 man;

\* The Rev. Dr. Dodd.

\*\* Dr. Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil  
 Tavern, under the title of „The School of  
 Shakspeare.“

\*\*\* James Macpherson, esq. who lately, from the  
 mere force of his style, wrote down the first  
 poet of all antiquity.

† Vide page 70.

†† Vide page 68.

††† Vide page 69.



As an actor, confest without rival to shine:  
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:  
Yet, with talents like these, and an excel-  
lent heart,

The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.  
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he  
spread,

And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural  
red.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;  
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was  
acting.

With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:  
Though secure of our hearts, yet confound-  
edly sick,

If they were not his own by finessing and  
trick:

He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,

For he knew when he pleas'd he could  
whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what  
came,

And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for  
fame;

'Till his relish grown callous, almost to  
disease,

Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.



But let us be candid, and speak out our  
mind,  
If dunces applauded, he paid them in  
kind.

Ye Kenricks \*, ye Kellys \*\*, and Wood-  
fall's \*\*\* so grave,  
What a commerce was yours, while you got  
and you gave?  
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that  
you rais'd,  
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were  
beprais'd?

But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:  
Those poets, who owe their best fame to  
his skill,  
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will.  
Old Shakspeare, receive him with praise and  
with love;  
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kelly's  
above.

\* Vide page 74.

\*\* Mr. Hugh Kelly, author of False Delicacy,  
Word to the Wife, Clementina, School for  
Wives etc. etc.

\*\*\* Mr. W. Woodfall, printer of the Morning  
Chronicle.



Here Hickey \* reclines, a most blunt,  
 pleasant creature,  
 And slander itself must allow him good na-  
 ture;  
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a  
 bumper;  
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a  
 thumper.

Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser!  
 I answer, no, no, for he always was wiser:  
 Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?  
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:  
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,  
 And so was too foolishly honest? ah no!  
 Then what was his failing? come tell it,  
 and burn ye, —  
 He was, could he help it? — a special at-  
 torney.

Here Reynolds \*\* is laid, and to tell you  
 my mind,

He has not left a wiser or better behind:  
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;  
 His manners were gentle, complying and  
 bland;

Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:

\* Vide page 69.

\*\* Ibid.







Rare compound of oddity, frolic and fun!  
 Who relish'd a joke, and rejoic'd in a pun;  
 Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;  
 A stranger to flatt'ry, a stranger to fear;  
 Who scatter'd around wit and humour at  
 will;

Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might  
 fill!

A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice  
 free;

A scholar, yet surely nò pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so lib'ral a mind  
 Should so long be to news-paper essays con-  
 fin'd!

Who perhaps to the summit of science could  
 soar,

Yet content „if the table he set in a roar;“

Whose talents to fill any station was fit,

Yet happy if Woodfall \* confess'd him a wit.

Ye news-paper witlings! ye pert scribbling  
 folks!

Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;

Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,

Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:

keep him company, without being infected with  
 the itch of punning.

\* Mr. H. S. Woodfall, printer of the Public Ad-  
 vertiser.



To deck it, bring with you festoons of the  
 vine,  
 And copious libations bestow on his shrine;  
 Then strew all around it, (you can do no  
 less)  
*Cross-readings, ship-news, and mistakes of  
 the press* \*.

Merry Whitefoord farewell! for thy sake I  
 admit  
 That a Scot may have humour, I had almost  
 said wit:  
 This debt to thy mem'ry I cannot refuse,  
 „Thou best-humour'd man, with the worst-  
 humour'd muse.“

\* Mr. Whitefoord has frequently indulged the  
 town with humorous pieces under those titles  
 in the Public Advertiser.



THE FOLLOWING

LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO THE

PRINTER OF THE ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE,

APPEARED IN THAT PAPER, IN JUNE, 1767.

SIR,

As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of your's, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one: and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad, I published some time ago, from one \* by the ingenious Mr. Percy. I do not think there is any great re-

\* The Friar of Orders Gray. „Reliq. of Anc. Poetry.“ Vol. I. p. 243.



semblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy, some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarce worth printing: and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.

I am, Sir,

Your's, etc.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



# T H E H E R M I T.

---

„**T**URN, gentle Hermit of the dale,  
 „And guide my lonely way,  
 „To where yon taper cheers the vale  
 „With hospitable ray.

„For here forlorn and lost I tread,  
 „With fainting steps and slow;  
 „Where wilds, immeasurable spread,  
 „Seem length'ning as I go.“

„Forbear, my son,“ the Hermit cries,  
 „To tempt the dangerous gloom;  
 „For yonder faithless phantom flies  
 „To lure thee to thy doom.

„Here to the houseless child of want,  
 „My door is open still;  
 „And though my portion is but scant,  
 „I give it with good will.

„Then turn to-night, and freely share,  
 „Whate'er my cell bestows;  
 „My rushy couch and frugal fare,  
 „My blessing and repose.



„No flocks that range the valley free,  
 „To slaughter I condemn:  
 „Taught by that Power that pities me,  
 „I learn to pity them:

„But from the mountain's grassy side,  
 „A guiltless feast I bring;  
 „A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,  
 „And water from the spring.

„Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;  
 „All earth-born cares are wrong:  
 „Man wants but little here below,  
 „Nor wants that little long.“

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,  
 His gentle accents fell:  
 The modest stranger lowly bends,  
 And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure  
 The lonely mansion lay;  
 A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,  
 And strangers led astray!

No stores beneath its humble thatch  
 Requir'd a master's care;  
 The wicket op'ning with a latch,  
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.



And now, when busy crowds retire  
 To take their evening rest,  
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,  
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,  
 And gayly prest, and smil'd;  
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,  
 The lingering hours beguil'd.

Around in sympathetic mirth  
 Its tricks the kitten tries;  
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth;  
 The crackling faggot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart  
 To soothe a stranger's woe;  
 For grief was heavy at his heart,  
 And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,  
 With answering care oppress'd:  
 „And whence, unhappy youth,“ he cry'd,  
 „The sorrows of thy breast?

„From better habitations spurn'd,  
 „Reluctant dost thou rove:  
 „Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,  
 „Or unregarded love?



„ Alas! the joys that fortune brings,  
 „ Are trifling and decay;  
 „ And those who prize the paltry things,  
 „ More trifling still than they.

„ And what is friendship but a name,  
 „ A charm that lulls to sleep;  
 „ A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
 „ And leaves the wretch to weep!

„ And love is still an emptier sound,  
 „ The modern fair-one's jest:  
 „ On earth unseen, or only found  
 „ To warm the turtle's nest.

„ For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,  
 „ And spurn the sex," he said:  
 But while he spoke, a rising blush  
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,  
 Swift mantling to the view;  
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,  
 As bright, as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,  
 Alternate spread alarms:  
 The lovely stranger stands confest  
 A maid in all her charms.



„And, ah, forgive a stranger rude,  
 „A wretch forlorn,“ she cry'd;  
 „Whooſe feet unhallow'd thus intrude  
 „Where heaven and you reſide.

„But let a maid thy pity ſhare,  
 „Whom love has taught to ſtray:  
 „Who ſeeks for reſt, but finds deſpair  
 „Companion of her way.

„My father liv'd beſide the Tyne,  
 „A wealthy lord was he;  
 „And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,  
 „He had but only me.

„To win me from his tender arms,  
 „Unnumber'd ſuitors came;  
 „Who prais'd me for imputed charms,  
 „And felt, or feign'd a flame.

„Each hour a mercenary crowd  
 „With richeſt proffers ſtrove;  
 „Among the reſt young Edwin bow'd,  
 „But never talk'd of love.

„In humble, ſimpleſt habit clad,  
 „No wealth or power had he;  
 „Wiſdom and worth were all he had,  
 „But theſe were all to me.



„ The blossom opening to the day,  
 „ The dews of heav'n refin'd,  
 „ Could nought of purity display,  
 „ To emulate his mind.

„ The dew, the blossoms of the tree,  
 „ With charms inconstant shine;  
 „ Their charms were his, but woe to me,  
 „ Their constancy was mine.

„ For still I try'd each fickle art,  
 „ Importune and vain;  
 „ And while his passion touch'd my heart,  
 „ I triumph'd in his pain.

„ Till quite dejected with my scorn,  
 „ He left me to my pride;  
 „ And sought a solitude forlorn,  
 „ In secret where he dy'd.

„ But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,  
 „ And well my life shall pay;  
 „ I'll seek the solitude he sought,  
 „ And stretch me where he lay.

„ And there forlorn, despairing, hid,  
 „ I'll lay me down and die!  
 „ 'Twas so for me that Edwin did,  
 „ And so for him will I. “



„Forbid it heaven!“ the Hermit cry'd,  
 And clasp'd her to his breast:  
 The wondering fair one turn'd to chide;  
 'Twas Edwin's self that prest.

„Turn, Angelina, ever dear;  
 „My charmer, turn to see  
 „Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,  
 „Restor'd to love and thee!

„Thus let me hold thee to my heart,  
 „And every care resign:  
 „And shall we never, never part,  
 „My life — my all that's mine!

„No, never, from this hour to part,  
 „We'll live and love so true,  
 „The sigh that rends thy constant heart,  
 „Shall break thy Edwin's too.“

---

THE  
**DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION.**

A TALE.

---

**S**ECLUDED from domestic strife,  
 Jack Book-worm led a college life;



A fellowship at twenty - five,  
 Made him the happiest man alive;  
 He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,  
 And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.

Such pleasures, unall'd with care.  
 Could any accident impair?  
 Could Cupid's shaft at length transfix  
 Our swain arriv'd at thirty - six?  
 O had the archer ne'er come down  
 To ravage in a country town!  
 Or Flavia been content to stop  
 At triumphs in a Fleet-street shop.  
 O had her eyes forgot to blaze!  
 Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze.  
 O! — — But let exclamation cease,  
 Her presence banish'd all his peace.  
 So with decorum all things carry'd;  
 Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was —  
 ——— married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight  
 The raptures of the bridal night?  
 Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,  
 Or draw the curtains clos'd around?  
 Let it suffice, that each had charms;  
 He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;  
 And, though she felt his usage rough,  
 Yet in a man 'twas well enough.



The honey-moon like lightning flew,  
 The second brought its transports too,  
 A third, a fourth, were not amiss,  
 The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss;  
 But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,  
 Jack found his goddess made of clay;  
 Found half the charms that deck'd her face  
 Arose from powder, shreds, or lace:  
 But still the worst remain'd behind,  
 That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,  
 But dressing, patching, repartee;  
 And, just as humour rose or fell,  
 By turns a flatterer or a belle:  
 'Tis true, she dress'd with modern grace,  
 Half naked at a ball or race;  
 But when at home, at board or bed,  
 Five greasy night-caps wrap'd her head.  
 Could so much beauty condescend  
 To be a dull domestic friend?  
 Could not curtain lectures bring  
 To decency so fine a thing?  
 In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;  
 By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.  
 Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy  
 Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;  
 The 'squire and captain took their stations,  
 And twenty other near relations;



Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke  
 A sigh in suffocating smoke;  
 While all their hours were past between  
 Insulting repartee or spleen.

Thus as her faults each day were known,  
 He thinks her features coarser grown:  
 He fancies every vice she shews,  
 Or thins her lip, or points her nose:  
 Whenever rage or envy rise,  
 How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes;  
 He knows not how, but so it is,  
 Her face is grown a knowing phys;  
 And, though her fops are wond'rous civil,  
 He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd nooze,  
 As each a different way pursues,  
 While sullen or loquacious strife  
 Promis'd to hold them on for life,  
 That dire disease, whose ruthless power  
 Withers the beauty's transient flower:  
 Lo! the small pox, whose horrid glare  
 Levell'd its terrors at the fair;  
 And, rifling every youthful grace,  
 Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,  
 Reflected now a perfect fright:



Each former art she vainly tries  
 To bring back lustre to her eyes.  
 In vain she tries her paste and creams,  
 To smoothe her skin, or hide its seams;  
 Her country beaux and city cousins,  
 Lovers no more, flew off by dozens:  
 The 'squire himself was seen to yield,  
 And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam now condemn'd to hack  
 The rest of life with anxious Jack,  
 Perceiving others fairly flown,  
 Attempted pleasing him alone.  
 Jack soon was dazzled to behold  
 Her present face surpass the old;  
 With modesty her cheeks are dy'd,  
 Humility displaces pride;  
 For tawdry finery is seen  
 A person ever neatly clean:  
 No more presuming on her sway,  
 She learns good-nature every day:—  
 Serenely gay, and strict in duty,  
 Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.



# T H E G I F T.

---

T O I R I S,

I N B O W - S T R E E T , C O V E N T - G A R D E N.

---

SAY, cruel Iris, pretty rake,

Dear mercenary beauty,

What annual off'ring shall I make

Expressive of my duty?

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,

Should I at once deliver,

Say, would the angry fair-one prize

The gift who flights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,

My rivals give — and let 'em:

If gems, or gold impart a joy,

I'll give them — when I get 'em.

I'll give — but not the full-blown rose,

Or rose-bud more in fashion;

Such short-liv'd off'rings but disclose

A transitory passion.

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,

Not less sincere, than civil:

I'll give thee — ah! too charming maid,

I'll give thee — to the devil.

---



THE  
LOGICIANS REFUTED.

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

LOGICIANS have but ill defin'd  
As rational the human mind;  
Reason, they say, belongs to man,  
But let them prove it if they can.  
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,  
By ratiocinations specious,  
Have strove to prove with great precision,  
With definition and division,  
*Homo est ratione peditum;*  
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em.  
And must in spite of them maintain,  
That man and all his ways are vain;  
And that this boasted lord of nature  
Is both a weak and erring creature.  
That instinct is a surer guide  
Than reason, boasting mortals pride;  
And that brute beasts are far before 'em,  
*Deus est anima brutorum.*  
Who ever knew an honest brute  
At law his neighbour prosecute;



Bring action for assault and battery,  
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?  
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,  
 No politics disturb their mind;  
 They eat their meals, and take their sport,  
 Nor know who's in or out at court.  
 They never to the levee go  
 To treat as dearest friend, a foe:  
 They never importune his grace,  
 Nor ever cringe to men in place;  
 Nor undertake a dirty job,  
 Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.  
 Fraught with invective, they ne'er go  
 To folks at Pater-noster Row:  
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,  
 No pickpockets, or poetasters,  
 Are known to honest quadrupedes;  
 No single brute his fellow leads.  
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,  
 Nor cut each other's throats for pay.  
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape  
 Comes nearest us in human shape,  
 Like man, he imitates each fashion,  
 And malice is his ruling passion:  
 But both in malice and grimaces,  
 A courtier any ape surpasses.  
 Behold him humbly cringing, wait  
 Upon the minister of state:

View



View him soon after to inferiors  
 Aping the conduct of superiors:  
 He promises with equal air,  
 And to perform takes equal care.  
 He in his turn finds imitators,  
 At court, the porters, lackeys, waiters,  
 Their master's manners still contract,  
 And footmen, lords, and dukes can act.  
 Thus at the court, both great and small  
 Behave alike, for all ape all.

---

ON A

**BEAUTIFUL YOUTH STRUCK BLIND  
 BY LIGHTNING.**

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

---

**S**URE 'twas by Providence design'd,  
 Rather in pity than in hate,  
 That he should be, like Cupid, blind,  
 To save him from Narcissus' fate.

---



A NEW SIMILE,  
IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

---

LONG had I sought in vain to find  
A likeness for the scribbling kind;  
The modern scribbling kind, who write,  
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite:  
Till reading, I forget what day on,  
A chapter out of Took's Pantheon,  
I think I met with something there  
To suit my purpose to a hair;  
But let us not proceed too furious,  
First please to turn to God Mercurius!  
You'll find him pictur'd at full length,  
In book the second, page the tenth:  
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay;  
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis — pray observe his hat,  
Wings upon either side — mark that.  
Well! what is it from thence we gather?  
Why these denote a brain of feather,  
A brain of feather! very right,  
With wit that's flighty, learning light;  
Such as to modern bard's decreed;  
A just comparison — proceed.



In the next place, his feet peruse,  
 Wings grow again from both his shoes;  
 Design'd, no doubt, their parts to bear,  
 And waft his godship through the air;  
 And here my simile unites,  
 For in modern poet's flights,  
 I'm sure it may be justly said,  
 His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,  
 Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand;  
 By classic authors term'd Caduceus,  
 And highly fam'd for several uses.  
 To wit — most wond'rously endu'd,  
 No poppy-water half so good;  
 For let folks only get a touch,  
 Its soporific virtue's such,  
 Though ne'er so much awake before,  
 That quickly they began to snore.  
 Add too, what certain writers tell,  
 With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:  
 His wand's a modern author's pen;  
 The serpents round about it twin'd,  
 Denote him of the reptile kind;  
 Denote the rage with which he writes,  
 His frothy flaver, venom'd bites;  
 An equal semblance still to keep  
 Alike too both conduce to sleep.

G 2





This difference only, as the God  
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,  
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,  
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,  
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.  
Moreover, Merc'ry had a failing:  
Well! what of that? out with it — stealing;  
In which all modern bards agree,  
Being each as great a thief as he:  
But ev'n this deity's existence  
Shall lend my simile assistance.  
Our modern bards! why what a pox  
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

---

## A N E L E G Y

### ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

---

Good people all, of every sort,  
Give ear unto my song;  
And if you find it wondrous short,  
It cannot hold you long.



In Islington there was a man,  
 Of whom the world might say,  
 That still a godly race he ran,  
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,  
 To comfort friends and foes;  
 The naked every day he clad —  
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,  
 As many dogs there be,  
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,  
 And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;  
 But when a pique began,  
 The dog, to gain his private ends,  
 Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighb'ring streets,  
 The wondering neighbours ran,  
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,  
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad,  
 To every Christian eye;  
 And while they swore the dog was mad,  
 They swore the man would die.



But soon a wonder came to light,  
 That shew'd the rogues they ly'd.  
 The man recover'd of the bite,  
 The dog it was that dy'd.

### THE CLOWN'S REPLY

**J**OHNN TROTT was desir'd by two witty peers,  
 To tell them the reason why asses had ears?  
 „An't please you,” quoth John, „I'm not  
 „given to letters,  
 „Nor dare I pretend to know more than my  
 „betters;  
 „Howe'er from this time I shall ne'er see  
 „your graces,  
 „As I hope to be sav'd! without thinking  
 „on asses.”

*Edinburgh, 1753.*







There, in a lonely room, from bailiff's snug,  
The muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath  
a rug;



## S O N G.

*Intended to have been sung by Miss Hard-  
castle in the Comedy of „She Stoops  
„to Conquer.“*

---

AH me, when shall I marry me?  
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me;  
He, fond youth, that could carry me,  
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.  
But I will rally and combat the ruiner:  
Not a look, not a smile, shall my passion dis-  
cover;  
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,  
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

---

## S T A N Z A S

ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

---

AMIDST the clamour of exulting joys,  
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,  
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,  
And quells the raptures which from plea-  
sures start.



O Wolfe, to thee a streaming flood of woe,  
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest  
dear;

Quebec in vain shall teach our breasts to  
glow,

Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-  
wrung tear,

Alive the foe, thy dreadful vigour fled,  
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing  
eyes:

Yet they shall know thou conquere'st, though  
dead:

Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes  
rise.

## E P I T A P H

ON DR. PARNELL.

THIS tomb inscrib'd to gentle Parnell's  
name,

May speak our gratitude, but not his fame,  
What heart but feels his sweetly-moral lay,  
That leads to Truth through Pleasure's  
flowery way!



Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;  
 And heaven, that lent him genius, was re-  
                                           paid.

Needless to him the tribute we bestow,  
 The transitory breath of fame below:  
 More lasting rapture from his works shall  
                                           rise.

While converts thank their poet in the skies.

---

E P I T A P H  
 ON EDWARD PURDON \*.

---

**H**ERE lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery  
                                           freed,  
 Who long was a book seller's hack;  
 He led such a damnable life in this world, —  
 I don't think he'll wish to come back.

\* This gentleman was educated at Trinity-College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he enlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

---



## A N E L E G Y

ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS. MARY BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,  
Lament for Madam Blaize,  
Who never wanted a good word —  
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,  
And always found her kind;  
She freely lent to all the poor, —  
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please,  
With manners wond'rous winning;  
And never follow'd wicked ways, —  
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,  
With hoop of monstrous size;  
She never slumber'd in her pew, —  
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,  
By twenty beaux and more;  
The king himself has follow'd her, —  
When she has walk'd before.



But now her wealth and finery fled,  
 Her hangers - on cut short all;  
 The doctors found, when she was dead, —  
 Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,  
 For Kent-street well may say,  
 That had she liv'd a twelvemonth more, —  
 She had not dy'd to-day.

---

A S O N N E T.

---

**W**EEPING, murmuring, complaining,  
 Lost to every gay delight;  
 Myra, too sincere for feigning,  
 Fears th' approaching bridal night.  
 Yet why impair thy bright perfection!  
 Or dim thy beauty with a tear?  
 Had Myra follow'd my direction,  
 She long had wanted cause of fear.

---



FROM THE ORATORIO  
 OF  
 THE CAPTIVITY.

S O N G.

**T**HE wretch, condemn'd with life to part,  
 Still, still on hope relies;  
 And ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
 Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimm'ring taper's light,  
 Adorns and cheers the way;  
 And still, as darker grows the night,  
 Emits a brighter ray.

S O N G.

**O** Memory! thou fond deceiver,  
 Still importunate and vain,  
 To former joys, recurring ever,  
 And turning all the past to pain;  
 Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,  
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe!  
 And he who wants each other blessing,  
 In thee must ever find a foe,



A PROLOGUE,  
 WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY  
*THE POET LABERIUS,*  
 A ROMAN KNIGHT WHOM CAESAR FORCED UPON  
 THE STAGE,  
 PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS \*.

---

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious  
 stage,  
 And save from infamy my sinking age!  
 Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,  
 What in the name of dotage drives me here?  
 A time there was, when glory was my guide,  
 Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;  
 Unaw'd by power, and unappal'd by fear,  
 With honest thrift I held my honour dear:  
 But this vile hour disperses all my store,  
 And all my hoard of honour is no more;  
 For ah! too partial to my life's decline,  
 Caesar persuades, submission must be mine;  
 Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,  
 Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclin'd to please.

\* This translation was first printed in one of our  
 Author's earliest works, „The Present State of  
 „Learning in Europe.“ 12mo. 1759.



Here then at once I welcome every shame,  
 And cancel at threescore a life of fame;  
 No more my titles shall my children tell,  
 The old buffoon will fit my name as well;  
 This day beyond its term my fate extends,  
 For life is ended when our honour ends.

---

PROLOGUE TO ZOBIDE:

A TRAGEDY.

---

IN these bold times, when learning's sons  
 explore,  
 The distant climates, and the savage shore;  
 When wise *astronomers* to India steer,  
 And quit for Venus many a brighter here;  
 While *botanists*, all cold to smiles and dimpling,  
 For sake the fair, and patiently — go simpling,  
 Our bard into the general spirit enters,  
 And fits his little frigate for adventures,  
 With *Scythian* stores, and trinkets deeply  
 laden,  
 He this way steers his course, in hopes of  
 trading —

Yet



Yet ere he lands he has order'd me before,  
 To make an observation on the shore. —  
 Where are we driven? our reckoning sure  
                                           is lost!

This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.  
 Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!  
 Yon ill foreboding cloud seems big with  
                                           thunder:

*(Upper Gallery.*

There mangroves spread, and larger than I've  
                                           seen 'em — *(Pit.*

Here trees of stately size — and billing tur-  
                                           tles in 'em —

*(Balconies.*

Here ill-condition'd oranges abound —

*(Stage.*

And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground:

*(Tasting them.*

The inhabitants are cannibals I fear:

I heard a hissing — there are serpents here!

O, there the people are — best keep my  
                                           distance;

Our Captain (gentle natives) craves assistance;

Our ship's well stor'd — in yonder creek  
                                           we've laid her,

His honour is no mercenary trader.

This is his first adventure, lend him aid,

And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.



His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought  
from far,  
Equally fit for gallantry and war.  
What, no reply to promises so ample?  
— I'd best step back — and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MR. LEE LEWES.

IN

THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

**H**OLD! Prompter, hold! a word before your  
nonsense;

I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.  
My pride forbids it ever should be said,  
My heels eclips'd the honours of my head;  
That I found humour in a pye-ball vest,  
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest.

(Takes off his mask.

Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?  
Nature disowns, and reason scorns thy mirth;  
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,  
The joy that dimples, and the woe that weeps.



How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy  
brood,

Of fools pursuing and of fools pursu'd !  
Whose ins and outs no ray of sense discloses,  
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;  
Whilst from below, the trap-door *Daemons*  
rise,

And from above the dangling deities;  
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?  
May rosin'd lightning blast me, if I do!  
No — I will act, I'll vindicate the stage:  
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.  
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!  
The mad'ning monarch revels in my veins.  
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme:  
Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!  
— soft — 'twas but a dream.

Aye, 'twas but a dream, for now there's no  
retreating,

If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.  
'Twas thus that Aesop's stag, a creature blame-  
less,

Yet something vain, like one that shall be  
nameless,

Once on the margin of a fountain stood;  
And cavill'd at his image in the flood:  
„The deuce confound,“ he cries „these drum-  
„stick thanks,

„They neither have my gratitude nor thanks:



„They're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!  
 „But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head.  
 „How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!  
 „My horns! I'm told horns are the fashion  
 „now.“

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd! to his view,  
 Near, and more near, the hounds and huntf-  
 men drew.

Hoicks! hark forward! came thundering from  
 behind!

He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind:  
 He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;  
 He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze.  
 At length his silly head, so priz'd before,  
 Is taught his former folly to deplore;  
 Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,  
 And at one bound he saves himself, like me.  
*(Taking a jump through the stage door.)*

---

## EPILOGUE

TO THE  
 COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.

---

**W**HAT! five long acts — and all to make  
 us wiser;  
 Our authorefs sure has wanted an adviser.



Had she consulted me, she should have made  
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;  
Warm'd up each bustling scene, and in her  
rage

Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.  
My life on't, this had kept her play from  
sinking;

Have pleas'd our eyes, and sav'd the pain  
of thinking.

Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,

**What if I give a masquerade? — I will.**

But how? ay, there's the rub! (*pausing*) —  
I've got my cue:

The world's a masquerade! the masquers,  
you, you, you

(To Boxes, Pit, and Galleries.

**Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!  
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and  
false spouses!**

Statesmen with bridles on; and close beside 'em,  
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em.  
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more  
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore,  
These, in their turn, with appetites as keen,  
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen.

Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,  
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the  
woman;



The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,  
 And tries to kill, ere she's got power to cure.  
 Thus 'tis with all — their chief and constant care

Is to seem every thing but what they are.  
 Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,  
 Who seems t'have robb'd his vizor from the lion;

Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,  
 Looking, as who should say, Dam'me! who's afraid?

(*Mimicking.*)

Strip but his vizor off, and sure I am

You'll find his lionship a very lamb.

Yon politician, famous in debate,

Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;

Yet, when he deigns his real shape t'assume,

He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.

Yon patriot too, who presses on your sight,

And seems, to ev'ry gazer, all in white,

If with a bribe his candour you attack,

He bows, turns round, and whip — the man's in black!

Yon critic, too — but whither do I run?

If I proceed, our bard will be undone!

Well then a truce, since she requests it too:

Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

---



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,  
PASTORALS,  
FABLES,  
TALES,  
ODES,

SONGS,  
PROLOGUES,  
EPILOGUES,  
EPIGRAMS  
IMITATIONS,

etc. etc. etc.

---



THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
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CONTAINING HIS

|              |            |
|--------------|------------|
| MISCELLANIES | SONGS      |
| PASTORALS    | PROLOGUES  |
| TABLES       | EPICURES   |
| TABLES       | EPICURES   |
| TABLES       | IMITATIONS |

OLD, OLD, OLD



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**T H E L I F E**  
**O F**  
**JOHN CUNNINGHAM.**

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**J**OHN CUNNINGHAM was born in Dublin, in the year 1729. His father followed the profession of a wine-cooper, and maintained a respectable character; though, by the pressure of expences inevitably attending the demands of a numerous family, he was often involved in circumstances of difficulty and distress.

Having obtained a prize of considerable amount in the lottery, he was so elated with his success, that, disdaining to follow the mechanical profession to which he had been trained from early life, he immediately relinquished it, commenced wine-merchant, formed an acquaintance superior to his usual level, and sacrificed to his vanity his own



interest and that of his family; for his want of economy and connection soon reduced him to a state of bankruptcy.

Our Author, at the time of his father's failure, was at the grammar-school in the city of Drogheda, under the care of Mr. Clark, from whose tuition he derived all the learning he possessed. From thence embarrassed state of his father's affairs recalled him to Dublin, where, having no certain employment, during the course of several years, he turned his views to the drama, and, at the age of seventeen, produced a piece of two acts, entitled, „Love in a Mist;“ or, „The Lads of Spirit;“ which was performed at the Theatre Royal, received with applause, and had a considerable run.

The benefit accruing from young Cunningham's first literary effort proved a very seasonable relief, and extricated him from difficulties to which he had been long and unavoidably exposed through the very circumscribed state of his finances; and the favourable reception of his piece by the public, together with the commendation bestowed on it by the performers, induced him to become actor as well as author. Accordingly, he engaged with the manager of an itinerant company of comedians, with whom



he came to England, and assumed the drama, which he followed, with very few intervals of variation, during the subsequent period of his life.

He never attained to a degree of eminence as an actor, nature having denied him the essential requisites of figure, voice, and expression; though, from the strength of his mind, he discovered a just conception of his author; which induced the liberal and discriminative part of his audience frequently to lament his want of the powers of execution. In the representation of French characters, however, he was not wholly devoid of merit. He passed two or three seasons at the theatre in Edinburgh, under the direction of Mr. Digges; but neither added to his fame or fortune by theatrical pursuits; though no circumstance or situation could induce him to decline them. From Edinburgh he came over to Newcastle upon Tyne; formed a connection with Mr. Slack, printer, at that place; and, by his services in conducting and establishing a newspaper, so conciliated himself with his employer, that his regard for him terminated but with life.

Mr. Cunningham, in process of time, had acquired such reputation as an Author, that he was solicited to leave his situation in the



North of England, and accept of the invitation of some booksellers in London, by which means, through the exertion of his talents, he might have procured a livelihood more competent, as well as respectable, than the trivial pursuits which engaged his attention in the country.

This invitation, accompanied with promises of patronage, and every assurance of encouragement, at length overcame his natural supineness, and induced him to repair to London: but he no sooner arrived in the capital, than his indolence or diffidence gained the ascendant over him, so that he resolved on a speedy departure; and accordingly left town after a very short and disagreeable stay in it, and returned to join the itinerant company in the north, notwithstanding all the persuasions and entreaties of his friends to the contrary. This was the only opportunity offered him for emerging from the obscure situation in which complicated misfortunes had placed him in early life. However, his views seem not to have extended beyond a mere competence, as he could never be prevailed on to make a second attempt.

We shall introduce some extracts from a letter written by Mr. Cunningham, at Scar-



borough, to a theatrical friend (Mr. Lewis) in London, in which our Author may be said to have drawn his own character. They are as follow:

„I reproach myself severely for my *general indolence*. Mr. Davies, the Bookseller, does me honour by his proposal. I am solicited daily, both from Edinburgh and Newcastle, to the same purpose; at both which places I think I might depend on general subscriptions, (nay, in most of the northern towns I have a sort of acquainted interest,) but I have some *diffidence*, and, as I observed above, much *indolence*; so that I have never yet come to a determination. I should be happy in a *correspondence* with Mr. Davies; and as he is supplied with French articles, should like to divert myself with a translation. I am fond, you know, of the French. I remember you liked *The Rose and Butterfly*, I imitated from *La Motte*.

„You may remember my last expedition to London: I think I may be convinced by it that I am not calculated for the business you mention. Though I scribble (but a little neither) to amuse myself, the moment I consider it as my duty, it would cease to be an amusement, and I should of consequence



be weary of it. I am not enterprising, and tolerably happy in my present situation.

„I am afraid I shall not compass my Collection of Fugitives this winter; but, after a tedious fit of *idleness*, I scribbled up an affair within these few days, which I call an Apologue, etc. etc.“

These passages may be truly said to mark the man, as they exhibit the most prominent traits of his character, drawn by himself. The life of Cunningham, indeed, was barren of incident, and so uniform, that it affords very little matter for entertainment. There is, however, a little anecdote related of him, which gave birth to a very humorous impromptu.

Cunningham lodged at the Golden Lion Inn at Scarborough, in the summer of the year 1765. The landlord was a meek, passive husband; and the landlady a very termagant. It happened, on a certain occasion, that the lady's temper was ruffled by a trivial incident that occurred, and as no soothing could restrain the impetuosity of her passion, she burst into violent exclamations; nor did either husband, guests, or servants, escape the fury of her clamorous tongue. The Poet, whose placid temper ill suited with



the vehemence of this virago, left the house, and taking the landlord with him into the street, pointed to the sign, and uttered these words:

Friend W——! if you would get rid of a  
scold,

And live without trouble and strife;  
I'd advise you to take down your lion of  
gold,

And hang up your brazen-fac'd w'

He afterwards varied these lines, according to the form which may be seen amongst the verses entitled, „The Postscript.“

Some months before our Author paid the debt of nature, a nervous fever rendered him incapable of any exertion, theatrical or poetical. This afflicting stroke afforded his friend Mr. Slack an opportunity for the display of his humanity and benevolence. He received him into his house; where he was attended with the utmost care, and supplied with every thing which his condition required. After languishing some time under his friend's hospitable roof, apprehending the approach of his dissolution, he conceived a design of destroying all his papers, which he soon effected by committing them to the flames. Mr. Slack, alarmed at the blaze, hastened to



the room in which Cunningham lay, and expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a circumstance, the poor Bard, almost breathless, pointing to the fire, whispered, *There! There!*

He testified his grateful sense of the benevolence of his friend Slack, who so liberally supplied his wants, and softened the rigour of his last illness, in the following lines, addressed to a particular acquaintance, which strongly indicate the impressions of his mind on the melancholy occasion.

The drama and I have shook hands,  
We're parted no more to engage;  
Submissive I met her commands,  
For nothing can cure me of age.

My sunshine of youth is no more,  
My mornings of pleasure are fled;  
'Tis painful my fate to endure;  
A pension supplies me with bread.

Dependent at length on the man  
Whose fortunes I struggled to raise;  
I conquer my pride as I can;  
His charity merits my praise.

His







Here lie the Remains of  
 JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

Of his excellence

As a pastoral Poet,

His Works will remain a Monument

For Ages,

After this temporary Tribute of Esteem

Is in Dust forgotten.

He died in Newcastle, September 18, 1773,

Aged 44.

To form a judgment of Mr. Cunningham's poetical merit, it will be necessary to refer to his Works. The *pastoral* seems to have been his favourite theme, in which his compositions place him in a very respectable line. Indeed, that species of writing appears to have been congenial to his disposition, which was remarkably mild and placid, but rather inclined to despondency. His deportment was modest and unassuming; and his general character such as recommended him to the esteem of the small circle of friends with whom he was conversant.



The only tribute paid to Mr. Cunningham's merit as a Poet, is the inscription on the tombstone erected to his memory by his friend Mr. Slack; his Biographers have passed it over in silence, not advertng to one of the many beauties with which his writings abound: we shall therefore take the liberty of pointing out some passages, as proofs of his excellence in that species of poetry to which his genius was so happily adapted.

In what a picturesque manner does our Author display the enlivening effects of Summer after a severe and rigorous Winter, in the following lines of his LANDSCAPE!

„Now that summer's ripen'd bloom  
 „Frolics where the winter frown'd,  
 „Strech'd upon these banks of broom,  
 „We command the landscape round.

„Nature in the prospect yields  
 „Humble dales and mountains bold,  
 „Meadows, woodlands, heaths, and fields  
 „Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

The approach of May is no less beautifully described by the same tuneful Bard.



„From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
 „Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
 „The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
 „And willows and woodbines entwine.

„The pinks by the rivulet side,  
 „That border the vernal alcove,  
 „Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;  
 „For May is the mother of Love.

„May tinges the butterfly's wing,  
 „He flutters in bridal array;  
 „And if the wing'd foresters sing,  
 „Their music is taught them by May.

The pastoral Poetry of Cunningham possesses an elegant simplicity, and indicates a strong and lively fancy; it abounds with images painted from nature, and exhibits all the beauties of rural scenery. We have selected the following from his Pastorals, of Morning, Noon, and Evening.

#### M O R N I N G.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
 Shadows nurs'd by Night retire,  
 And the peeping sunbeam now  
 Paints with gold the village spire.



Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night;  
 And the lark, to meet the Morn,  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

N O O N.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood  
 Now the Noontide radiance glows:  
 Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

Now the hill, the hedge, is green;  
 Now the warblers' throats in tune;  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene,  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon.

E V E N I N G.

O'er the heath the heifer strays  
 Free, (the furrow'd task is done;)  
 Now the village windows blaze,  
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

As the lark, with vary'd tune,  
 Carrols to the Ev'ning loud,  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon  
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud.



*His Elegy on a Pile of Ruins*, in imitation of Gray, is written with much spirit, and possesses many poetical beauties. In the opening of the Poem, he has given a very lively picture of the romantic ruins of the Abbey and Castle of Roslin.

In the full prospect yonder hill commands  
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,  
The vestige of an ancient Abbey stands,  
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half buried there, lie many a broken  
bust,  
And obelisk and urn, o'erthrown by time;  
And many a cherub there descends in  
dust,  
From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound  
Of fragments tumbling from the towers on  
high,  
Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,  
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms  
dry.



Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur  
 stood,  
 The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;  
 And ashlings, wafted from the neigh'bring  
 wood,  
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling  
 heads.

From a similarity of genius, our Author conciliated the esteem of Mr. Shenstone, at whose instance he is said to have turned his thoughts to Pastoral Poetry. From his Corydon, inscribed to the memory of his deceased friend, we transcribe the following lines.

Come, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid;  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let a fat tribute be paid.

They call'd him the Pride of the Plain;  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind;  
 He mark'd on his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,  
 That birds in the covert might dwell;  
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
 But never would rifle their cell.



Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,  
 Go bleat——and your master bemoan;  
 His music was artless and sweet,  
 His manners as mild as your own.



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## MISCELLANIES.

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### THE CONTEMPLATIST:

A NIGHTPIECE.

Nox erat

Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictaeque volucres.

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THE queen of Contemplation, Night,  
Begins her balmy reign,  
Advancing in their vary'd light  
Her silver-vested train.

'Tis strange the many 'marshall'd stars,  
That ride yon' sacred round,  
Should keep, among their rapid cars,  
A silence so profound!



A kind, a philosophic, calm  
The cool Creation wears;  
And what Day drank of dewy balm  
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,  
The feather'd race how still!  
How quiet now the gamesome kid  
That gamboll'd round the hill!

The sweets that bending o'er their banks  
From sultry day declin'd,  
Revive in little velvet ranks,  
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze  
That bad the clouds retire,  
Appears, among the tufted trees,  
A phoenix nest on fire.

But soft — the golden glow subsides,  
Her chariot mounts on high,  
And now in silver'd pomp she rides  
Pale regent of the sky.

Where Time upon the wither'd tree  
Hath carv'd the moral chair,  
I sit, from busy passions free,  
And breathe the placid air.



The wither'd tree was once in prime,  
 Its branches brav'd the sky:  
 Thus at the touch of ruthless Time  
 Shall Youth and Vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse;  
 It glows serenely gay:  
 Come, Science! by my side advance;  
 We'll search the Milky-way.

Let us descend — The daring flight  
 Fatigues my feeble mind;  
 And Science in the maze of light  
 Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild those wand'ring fires  
 That o'er the moorland ran?  
 Vapours. How like the vague desires  
 That cheat the heart of man!

But there's a friendly guide! — a flame  
 That, lambent o'er its bed,  
 Enlivens with a gladsome beam  
 The hermit's offer shed.

Among the russet shades of night  
 It glances from afar,  
 And darts along the dusk so bright,  
 It seems a silver star!



In coverts (where the few frequent)  
 If Virtue deigns to dwell,  
 'Tis thus the little lamp Content  
 Gives lustre to his cell.

How smooth that rapid river slides  
 Progressive to the deep!  
 The poppies pendent o'er its sides  
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons,  
 Ye Indolent! ye Gay!  
 Reflect — for as the river runs  
 Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green  
 Conceals the azure sky,  
 Save where a starry space between  
 Relieves the darken'd eye,

Old Errour thus with shades impure  
 Throws sacred Truth behind,  
 Yet sometimes thro' the deep obscure  
 She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign;  
 They lock the shepherd's fold:  
 But hark! — I hear a lamb complain,  
 'Tis lost upon the world!



To savage herds, that haunt for prey,  
 An unresisting prize!  
 For, having trod a devious way,  
 The little rambler dies!

As luckless is the virgin's lot  
 Whom pleasure once misguides,  
 When hurry'd from the halcyon cot  
 Where Innocence presides —

The Passions, a relentless train!  
 To tear the victim run:  
 She seeks the paths of Peace in vain,  
 Is conquer'd — and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze  
 Where willows shade the way!  
 As proud as if their painted rays  
 Could emulate the day.

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of Pow'r  
 Advance their vain parade!  
 Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,  
 And like the glow-worms fade!

The soft serenity of Night  
 Ungentle clouds deform;  
 The silver host, that shone so bright,  
 Is hid behind a storm.



The angry elements engage!  
 An oak (an ivy'd bow'r)  
 Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,  
 And shields me from the show'r.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate  
 I've learnt to render vain;  
 For, whilst Integrity's her seat,  
 The soul will sit serene.

A raven from some greedy vault,  
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,  
 Bids me, and it's a solemn thought!  
 Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb! — The consecrated dome,  
 The temple, rais'd to Peace!  
 The port that to its friendly home  
 Compels the human race!

Yon' village to the moral mind  
 A solemn aspect wears,  
 Where Sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,  
 And kill'd his daily cares:

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,  
 An emblematic bed!  
 That offers to the mental sight  
 The temporary dead.



From hence I'll penetrate in thought  
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep:  
 And, tutor'd, hence be timely taught  
 To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace! —— (The little chaos past!)  
 The gracious moon's restor'd!  
 A breeze succeeds the frightful blast  
 That thro' the forest roar'd.

The nightingale, a welcome guest!  
 Renews her gentle strains;  
 And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,  
 Her wonted seat regains.

Yes — When yon' lucid orb is dark,  
 And darting from on high,  
 My soul, a more celestial spark!  
 Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light — the lenient breeze,  
 My limbs refreshment find;  
 And moral rhapsodies like these  
 Give vigour to the mind.

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## A LANDSCAPE.

Rura mihi et irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes.  
*Virg.*

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Now that Summer's ripen'd bloom  
 Frolics where the Winter frown'd,  
 Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,  
 We command the Landscape round.

Nature in the prospect yields  
 Humble dales and mountains bold,  
 Meadows, woodlands, heaths — and fields  
 Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

Goats upon that frowning steep  
 Fearless with their kidlings brouse;  
 Here a flock of snowy sheep,  
 There an herd of motley cows.

On the uplands ev'ry glade  
 Brightens in the blaze of day;  
 O'er the vales the sober shade  
 Softens to an ev'ning gray.

Where the rill by slow degrees  
 Swells into a crystal pool,  
 Shaggy rocks and shelving trees  
 Shoot to keep the waters cool.

Shi-



Shiver'd by a thunderstroke  
 From the mountain's misty ridge,  
 O'er the brook a ruin'd oak  
 Near the farm-house forms a bridge.

On her breast the sunny beam  
 Glitters in meridian pride,  
 Yonder as the virgin stream  
 Hastens to the restless tide. —

Where the ships by wanton gales  
 Wafted o'er the green waves run,  
 Sweet to see their swelling sails  
 Whiten'd by the laughing Sun.

High upon the daisy'd hill,  
 Rising from the slope of trees,  
 How the wings of yonder mill  
 Labour in the busy breeze! —

Cheerful as a summer's morn,  
 Bouncing from her loaded pad,  
 Where the maid presents her corn,  
 Smirking to the miller's lad.

O'er the green a festal throng  
 Gambols in fantastic trim  
 As the full cart moves along:  
 Harken! — 'tis the harvest hymn.



Linnets on the crowded sprays  
 Chorus — and the woodlarks rise,  
 Soaring with a song of praise  
 Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

Torrents in extended sheets  
 Down the cliffs dividing break;  
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,  
 Settling in a silver lake.

From his languid flocks the swain,  
 By the sun-beams sore oppress'd,  
 Plunging on the wat'ry plain,  
 Plows it with his glowing breast.

Where the mantling willows nod  
 From the green bank's slopy side,  
 Patient, with his well-thrown rod,  
 Many an angler breaks the tide.

On the isles, with osiers drest,  
 Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds;  
 Many a wild bird hides her nest,  
 Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

Fork-tail'd prattlers, as they pass  
 To their nestlings in the rock,  
 Darting on the liquid glass,  
 Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.



Where the stone-cross lifts its head,  
 Many a saint and pilgrim hoar  
 Up the hill was wont to tread  
 Barefoot in the days of yore.

Guardian of a sacred well,  
 Arch'd beneath yon' rev'rend shades,  
 Whilome in that shatter'd cell  
 Many an hermit told his beads.

Sultry mists furround the heath  
 Where the Gothic dome appears,  
 O'er the trembling groves beneath  
 Tott'ring with a load of years.

Turn to the contrasted scene,  
 Where, beyond these hoary piles,  
 Gay upon the rising green,  
 Many an Attic building smiles.

Painted gardens — grots — and groves,  
 Intermingling shade and light,  
 Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,  
 Join to give the eye delight.

Hamlets — villages, and spires,  
 Scatter'd on the Landscape lie,  
 Till the distant view retires,  
 Closing in an azure sky.



# AN ELEGY

ON A PILE OF RUINS.

Aspice murem moles, praeruptaque saxa!

*Janus Vitalis.*

Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit.

*Seneca.*

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,  
O'er barren heaths and cultivated plains,  
The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,  
Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half bury'd there lie many a broken bust,  
And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by Time;  
And many a cherub there descends in dust  
From the rent roof and portico sublime.

The rivulets, oft' frightened at the sound  
Of fragments tumbling from the tow'rs on  
high,  
Plunge to their source in secret caves pro-  
found,  
Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.



Where rev'rend shrines in Gothic grandeur  
stood,

The nettle or the noxious nightshade spreads;  
And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring  
wood,

Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling  
heads.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,  
Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet,  
Sits musing on a monumental stone,  
And points to the Memento at her feet.

Soon as sage Ev'ning check'd Day's sunny  
pride,

I left the mantling shade in moral mood,  
And, seated by the maid's sequester'd side,  
Sigh'd as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace  
Here Time hath pass'd — What ruin marks  
his way!

This Pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd  
base,  
Turn'd not his step, nor could his course  
delay.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes  
In vain, and Melody her song sublime;  
In vain Philosophy, with maxims wise,  
Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of Time.



Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,  
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;  
 And, partly the rude ravage to repair,  
 The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd.

How solemn is the cell, o'ergrown with moss,  
 That terminates the view yon' cloister'd way!  
 In the crush'd wall a time-corroded cross,  
 Religion like, mould'ring in decay!

Where the mild sun, thro' saint-encypher'd  
 glass,  
 Illum'd with mellow light yon' dusky aisle,  
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,  
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the Pile!

And Piety, with mystic meaning beads,  
 Bowing to saints on ev'ry side inurn'd,  
 Trod oft' the solitary path that leads  
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'eturn'd!

Thro' the gray grove, between those with'r-  
 ing trees,  
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears  
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,  
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

Low levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!  
 Death pity'd not the pride of youthful bloom;  
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade  
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.



The relics of a mitred saint may rest  
 Where mould'ring in the niche his statue  
 stands,  
 Now nameless as the crowd that kiss'd his  
 vest,

And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder  
 gloom,

The bones of an illustrious chieftain lie,  
 As trac'd among the fragments of his tomb  
 The trophies of a broken Fame imply.

Ah! what avails that o'er the vassal-plain  
 His rights and rich demesnes extended wide?  
 That Honour and her knights compos'd his  
 train,

And Chivalry stood marshall'd by his side?

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,  
 And frown'd defiance on the desp'rate foe;  
 Tho' deem'd invincible, the conq'ror Time  
 Levell'd the fabric as the founder low.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning  
 sound,

Ravens and rooks, the birds of Discord! dwell;  
 And where Society sat sweetly crown'd  
 Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.



The lizard and the lazy lurking bat  
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room  
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,  
 Sweet singing at the silver-working loom.

The trav'ler is bewilder'd on a waste;  
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,  
 Where in his groves, with arching arbours  
 grac'd,

Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide  
 To pure canals, a crystal cool supply!

In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:  
 Time's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them  
 dry.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent  
 With Comus and the laughter-loving crew,  
 And the sweet brow of Beauty, still unbent,  
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;  
 Not to be stay'd by mask or midnight roar;  
 Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust  
 Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more.

Can the deep Statesman, skill'd in great design,  
 Protract but for a day precarious breath?  
 Or the tun'd foll'wer of the sacred Nine  
 Sooth with his melody insatiate Death?



No — Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,  
Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,  
Unerring and unseen, the shaft of Fate  
Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

What then avails Ambition's wide-stretch'd  
wing,  
The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's  
bloom,  
The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd  
king,  
Levell'd, lie mix'd promisc'ous in the tomb.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,  
Bad, when the Morning's rosy reign began,  
Courtiers should call, as round his couch  
they stood,

„Philip! remember thou'rt no more than man:

„Tho' Glory spread thy name from pole to  
pole;

„Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;

„Philip! reflect thou'rt posting to the goal

„Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!“

So Saladin, for arts and arms renown'd,  
(Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd,)  
Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,  
Sigh'd when the perishable pomp he view'd:



And as he rode high in his regal car, —  
 In all the purple pride of Conquest drest,  
 Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,  
 Plac'd pendent on a spear his burial vest;

While thus the herald cry'd, — „This son  
 of Pow'r,

„This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,  
 „May in the space of one revolving hour  
 „Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!“

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour  
 steel'd,

Where Slaughter like the rapid lightning ran,  
 And say, while Mem'ry weeps the blood-  
 stain'd field,

Where lies the chief, and where the common  
 man?

Vain then are pyramids and motto'd stones,  
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high;  
 For Time confounds them with the crumb-  
 ling bones

That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head  
 Soft as the lord's beneath the labour'd tomb?  
 Or sleeps one colder in his close clay-bed  
 Than th'other in the wide vault's dreary  
 womb?



Hither let Lux'ry lead her loose - rob'd train,  
 Here flutter Pride on purple - painted wings,  
 And from the moral prospect learn — how  
 vain  
 The wish that sighs for sublunary things!

## F O R T U N E:

### A N A P O L O G U E.

Fabula narratur.

Jove and his senators, in sage debate  
 For man's felicity, were settling laws,  
 When a rude roar, that shook the sacred gate,  
 Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause.  
 A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,  
 In the rough garniture of Grief array'd,  
 Came brawling to the high imperial place:  
 „Let me have justice, Jupiter!“ — he bray'd.  
 „I am an ass, of innocence allow'd  
 „The type, yet Fortune persecutes me still;  
 „While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring  
 crowd,  
 „Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.



„The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so  
hard)

„Favour and friendship from his owner finds:

„For endless diligence — (a rough reward!)

„I'm cudgell'd by a race of paltry hinds.

„On wretched provender compell'd to feed,

„The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!

„For me Dame Fortune never yet decreed

„The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd

Thed.

„Rough and unseemly is my irrev'rent hide!

„Where can I visit, thus uncouthly drest?

„That outside elegance the Dame deny'd

„For which her fav'rites are too oft' carest.

„To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove! be kind;

„From Fortune's tyranny pronounce me free:

„She's a deceiver if she says she's blind;

„She sees, propitiously sees, all — but

me.“

The plaintiff could articulate no more;

His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!

The race of long-ear'd wretches join'd the

roar,

Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built

throne.



The monarch with an all-commanding sound  
(Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of  
space)

Gave order — that Dame Fortune should be  
found

To answer as she might the plaintiff's case.

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train!  
And lawyers and physicians, sought her cell,  
With many a schoolman — but their search  
was vain:

Few can the residence of Fortune tell.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide  
His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare,  
'Twas rumour'd that Dame Fortune did re-  
side,  
And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,  
A feeble porter at the gate they found,  
Doubled with wretchedness — with age  
distrest,

And on his wrinkled forehead famine frown'd.

„Mortals avaunt!“ the trembling spectre cries,  
„Ere you invade those sacred haunts beware!  
„To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprize  
„I am the centinel — my name is Care.



„Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of Mind,  
 „These are the soldiers that surround his hall,  
 „And ev'ry Fury that can lash mankind;  
 „Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.

„Fortune's gone forth; you seek a wand'ring  
 dame;

„A settled residence the harlot scorns:  
 „Curse on such visitants! she never came  
 „But with a cruel hand she scatter'd thorns.

„To the green vale yon' shelt'ring hills sur-  
 round

„Go forward; you'll arrive at Wisdom's cell:  
 „Would you be taught where Fortune may  
 be found,

„None can direct your anxious search so well.“

Forward they went o'er many a dreary spot,  
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)  
 Till, from the casement of a low-roof'd cot,  
 Wisdom perceiv'd them, and unbarr'd her  
 door.

Wisdom (she knew of Fortune but the name)  
 Gave to their questions a serene reply:

„Hither,“ she said, „if e'er that goddess  
 came

„I saw her not — she pass'd unnotic'd by.



„Abroad with Contemplation oft' I roam,  
 „And leave to Poverty my humble cell;  
 „She's my domestic, never stirs from home;  
 „If Fortune has been here, 'tis she can tell.

„The matron eyes us from yon' mantling  
 shade,  
 „And see her sober footsteps this way bent!  
 „Mark by her side a little rose-lipp'd maid;  
 „'Tis my young daughter, and her name's  
 Content.“

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,  
 „Fortune,“ she cry'd, „hath never yet been  
 here;  
 „But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,  
 „Tels me her Highness may in time appear.  
 „Felicity, no doubt. adorns their lot  
 „On whom her golden bounty beams di-  
 vine;  
 „Yet, tho' she never reach our rustic cot,  
 „Patience will visit us — We sha'nt repine.“

After a vast but unavailing round,  
 The messengers returning in despair,  
 On a high hill a Fairy mansion found,  
 And hop'd the goddess Fortune might be  
 there.



The dome, so glitt'ring it amaz'd the sight,  
 ('Twas adamant, with gems incrust'd o'er,)  
 Had not a casement to admit the light,  
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

But eager to conclude a tedious chase,  
 And anxious to return from whence they came,  
 Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,  
 Thrice utter'd awfully Jove's sacred name.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,  
 Illusion and her Fairy dome withdrew,  
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove,)  
 And Fortune stood reveal'd to public view.

Oft' for that happiness high courts deny'd  
 To this receptacle Dame Fortune ran;  
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide  
 From the wild suits of discontented man.

Prostrate the delegates their charge declare;  
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)  
 Fortune receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,  
 And join'd them till they reach'd Jove's  
 judgment seat.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place  
 Were gather'd, tho' from diff'rent motives  
 keen;  
 Many — to see Dame Fortune's radiant face,  
 Many — by radiant Fortune to be seen.

Jove



Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems:  
 He gave her near his own a golden seat:  
 Fair Fortune's an adventurer, it seems,  
 The deities themselves are glad to meet.

„Daughter,“ says Jupiter, “ you're sore ac-  
 cus'd;

„Clamour incessantly reviles your name;  
 „If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,  
 „Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

„Tho' pester'd daily with complaints from  
 man,

„Thro' this conviction I record them not —  
 „Let my kind providence do all it can,  
 „None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

„But the poor quadrupede that now ap-  
 peals,

„Can wanton Cruelty the weak pursue!  
 „Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,  
 „And all his wretchedness he lays to you.“

„Ask him, high Jupiter!“ reply'd the Dame,  
 „In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd  
 class,

„Is Fortune, a divinity, to blame  
 „That she descends not to regard — an  
 als?“



Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;  
 The Dame defendant was discharg'd with  
 grace.

„Go,“ to the plaintiff, said the Sire, „and try  
 „By merit to surmount your low-born race.

„Learn from the lion to be just and brave;  
 „Take from the elephant instruction wise;  
 „With gracious breeding like the horse be-  
 have;

„Nor the sagacity of hounds despise.

„These useful qualities with care imbibe,  
 „For which some quadrupedes are justly priz'd:  
 „Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,  
 „And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd.“

---

## LOVE AND CHASTITY:

### A CANTATA.

---

#### RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount \* whence sacred gro-  
 ves depend,  
 Diana and her virgin-troop descend,

\* Mount Latmos.



And while the buskin'd Maids with active  
care  
The bus'ness of the daily chase prepare,  
A fav'rite nymph steps forward from the  
throng,  
And thus exulting swells the jovial song.

AIR.

Jolly Health springs aloft at the loud sound-  
ing-horn,  
Unlock'd from soft Slumber's embrace,  
And Joy sings an hymn to salute the sweet  
Morn,  
That smiles on the nymphs of the chase.  
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom profanes,  
No rancour disturbs our delight;  
All the day with fresh Vigour we sweep o'er  
the plains,  
And sleep with Contentment all night.

RECITATIVE.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted god of  
Love;  
He flies indignant to the sacred grove;  
Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair;  
His rosy wings perfume the wanton air;



Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs  
declare.

A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,  
A frown succeeds — she stops the springing  
chase,

And thus forbids the boy the consecrated  
place.

## A I R.

Fond disturber of the heart?  
From these sacred shades depart;  
Here's a blooming troop disdains  
Love and his fantastic chains.  
Sisters of the silver bow,  
Pure and chaste as virgin snow,  
Melt not at thy feeble fires,  
Wanton god of wild desires!

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,  
While thus the angry goddess he addrest.

## A I R.

Virgin-snow does oft' remain  
Long unmelted on the plain,



Till the glorious god of Day  
Smiles, and wastes its pride away.  
What is Sol's meridian fire  
To the darts of strong desire!  
Love can light a raging flame  
Hotter than his noontide beam.

RECITATIVE.

Now thro' the forest's brown imbower'd ways  
With careless steps the young Endymion  
                                strays;  
His form erect! — loose flows his lovely  
                                hair,  
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair!  
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour  
                                move;  
His eyes — his ev'ry feature, form'd for  
                                love;  
Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,  
Whilst thus, invoking Sleep, the shepherd  
                                sung.

AIR.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides  
Near the wood-nymph's rustic grot,  
If the god of Sleep resides,  
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot,



Hither if he'll lightly tread,  
Follow'd by a gentle Dream,  
We'll enjoy this grassy bed  
On the bank beside the stream.

RECITATIVE.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,  
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes;  
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shows,  
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows;  
The goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound,  
Her silver bow falls useless to the ground:  
Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd  
a dart

Unerring to her undefended heart.  
She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,  
And thus persuades her virgins to retire.

AIR.

Ye tender Maids! be timely wise,  
Love's wanton fury shun:  
In flight alone your safety lies:  
The daring are undone.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,  
With vultures fell engage?  
Do lambs provoke the lion wild,  
Or tempt the tiger's rage?



No, no. Like fawns, ye Virgins! fly;  
 To secret cells remove;  
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try  
 'Twixt Chastity and Love.

---

## H Y M E N.

---

**W**HEN Chloe with a blush comply'd  
 To be the fond Nicander's bride,  
 His Imagination ran  
 On raptures never known by man.  
 How high the tides of Fancy swell  
 Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd — Nicander cries,  
 „Descending from the radiant skies,  
 „Draw me a bright, a beauteous, boy,  
 „The herald of connubial joy!  
 „Draw him with all peculiar care;  
 „Make him beyond Adonis fair;  
 „Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,  
 „Let him have eyes of heav'nly blue,  
 „Lips soft'ning in nectarious dew;  
 „A lustre o'er his charms display  
 „More glorious than the beams of day



„Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,  
 „A premium for a prince indeed.“

His talents straight the painter try'd,  
 And, ere the nuptial-knot was ty'd,  
 A picture in the noblest taste  
 Before the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill:  
 „Your execution's monstrous ill?  
 „A diff'rent form my fancy made;  
 „Your'e quite a bungler at the trade.  
 „Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?  
 „Where is the cheek's celestial glow?  
 „Where are the looks so fond and free?  
 „'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me.“

The painter bow'd with this reply:  
 „My colours an't, your honour, dry;  
 „When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint  
 „'Twill please you — or the deuce is in't;  
 „I'll watch the happy change, and then  
 „Attend you with my piece again.“

In a few months the painter came  
 With a performance — (still the same.)

„Take it away!“ — the husband cry'd;  
 „I have repeated cause to chide.  
 „Sir, you should all excesses shun;  
 „This is a picture overdone!  
 „There's too much ardour in that eye,  
 „The tincture on the cheeks too high;



„The robes have a lascivious play,  
 „The attitude's too loosely gay,  
 „Friend! on the whole, this piece, for me,  
 „Is too luxuriant — far too free.“

The painter thus — „The faults you find  
 „Are form'd in your capricious mind:  
 „To passion a devoted slave,  
 „The first directions, Sir, you gave;  
 „Possession has repell'd the flame,  
 „Nor left a sentiment the same.“

„My picture is design'd to prove  
 „The changes of precarious love.

„On the next staircase rais'd on high  
 „Regard it with a curious eye.  
 „As to the first steps you proceed,  
 „'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!  
 „But as you mount some paces higher,  
 „Is there a grace that don't expire?“

So various is the human mind:  
 Such are the frailties of mankind!  
 What at a distance charm'd our eyes,  
 After attainment — droops — and dies.



## S T A N Z A S

*On the Death of his late Majesty King  
GEORGE II.*

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Requumque turres. Hor.*

---

TENANTS of Liberty on Britain's plain,  
With flocks enrich'd a vast unnumber'd store!  
'Tis gone, the mighty George's golden reign!  
Your Pan, your great defender, is no more!

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,  
Where Albion's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring,  
In the brown shades their secret sorrows hide,  
And silent mourn the venerable King.

Hark! how the winds, oft' bounteous to his  
will,

That bore his conquering fleets to Gallia's  
shore,

After a pause pathetically still,  
Burst in loud peals, and thro' the forests roar.

On Conquest's cheek the vernal roses fail,  
Whilst laurell'd Victory distressful bows;  
And Honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,  
That late beam'd glorious on our George's  
brows.



The Muses mourn — an ineffectual band!  
Each sacred harp without an owner lies;  
The Arts, the Sciences, dejected stand,  
For, ah! their patron, their protector, dies.

Beauty no more the toy of fashion wears,  
(So late by Love's designful labour drest,)  
But from her brow the glowing diamond  
tears,

And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,  
Laments the fading state of crowns below;  
Whilst Melancholy fills the vaulted aisle  
With the slow music of a nation's woe.

The dreary paths of unrelenting Fate  
Must monarchs mix'd with common mortals  
try?

Is there no refuge? — are the good, the great,  
The gracious, and the god-like, doom'd to  
die?

Must the gay court be chang'd for Horror's  
cave?

Must mighty kings, that kept the world in  
awe,

Conquer'd by Time and the unpitying Grave,  
Submit their laurels to Death's rig'rous law?



If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,  
Britannia's sighs shall reach great Fred'rick's \*  
ear,  
He'll drop the sword, or close the darling  
page,  
And pensive pay the tributary tear.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral  
thought,

(As he laments the parent, friend, ally,  
The solemn truth by sage Reflection taught,  
That, spite of glory, Fred'rick's self shall die,

The parent's face a prudent painter hides, \*\*  
While Death devours the darling of his age:  
Nature the stroke of pencil'd art derides,  
When grief distracts with agonizing rage.

So let the Muse her sablest curtain spread,  
By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to  
know:

When nations cry their king, their father's  
dead,

The rest is dumb unutterable woe!

\* Frederick king of Prussia.

\*\* In a picture representing the sacrifice of Iphigenia, Apelles, despairing to represent the natural distraction of a parent on so affecting an occasion, drew the figure of Agamemnon with a veil thrown over his face.



But see — a sacred radiance beams around,  
And with returning hope a people cheers;  
Look at yon' youth, with grace imperial  
crown'd;

How awful, yet how lovely, in his tears!

Mark how his breast expands the filial sigh;  
He droops, distress'd, like a declining flow'r,  
Till Glory, from her radiant sphere on high,  
Hails him to hold the regal reins of pow'r.

The fainted fire to realms of bliss remov'd,  
(Like the fam'd phoenix) from his pyre shall  
spring

Successive Georges, gracious, and belov'd,  
And good and glorious, as the parent-king.





S T A N Z A S

ON THE FORWARDNESS OF SPRING. \*

- - - tibi, flores, plenis  
Ecce ferunt nymphae calathis. *Virg.*

O'ER Nature's fresh bosom, by verdure  
unbound,  
Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring;  
Rich flow'rets, how fragrant! rise wantonly  
round,  
And Summer's wing'd choristers sing!  
To greet the young monarch of Britain's  
blest isle  
The groves with gay blossoms are grac'd;  
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent  
smile,  
And cowslips crowd forward in haste.  
Dispatch, gentle Flora! the nymphs of your  
train  
Thro' woodlands to gather each sweet;  
Go — rob of young roses the dew-spangled  
plain,  
And strew the gay spoils at his feet.



Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,  
For George, oh ye Virgins! entwine;  
From conquest's own temples these ever-  
greens came,  
And those from the brows of the Nine.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem  
implies,)

What glory, to George shall belong!

What Miltons, (the other,) what Addisons  
rise.

To make him immortal in song!

To a wreath of fresh oak, England's emblem  
of pow'r,

Whose honours with time shall increase,

And a fair olive sprig, just unfolding its  
flow'r,

Rich token of concord and peace.

Next give him young myrtles, by Beauty's  
bright queen

Collected — the pride of the grove;

How fragrant their odour! their foliage how  
green!

Sweet promise of conjugal love!

necessary to observe, that they were originally inserted, with the Author's name, in an Edinburgh Magazine, 1761.



Let Gaul's captive Lilies, cropt close to the  
ground,

As trophies of conquest be ty'd;

The virgins all cry, „There's not one to be  
found;

„Out - bloom'd by his Roses — they dy'd.“

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye  
share

With George as our glories advance —

Thro' envy you'll sicken — you'll droop —  
you'll despair,

And die — like the Lilies of France.

---

## S T A N Z A S

*Spoken at a Play at a Theatre in Sunderland,*

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE CORSICANS.

---

**W**HO can behold with an unpitied eye  
The glorious few (with patriotic fire)  
Distrest — invaded — and resolv'd to die,  
Or keep their independent rights entire?  
Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would  
bind

In their ignoble fetters half mankind.

The







## THE VIOLET.

---

SHELTER'D from the blight Ambition,  
 Fatal to the pride of rank,  
 See me in my low condition  
 Laughing on the tufted bank.

On my robes (for emulation)  
 No variety's imprest:  
 Suited to an humble station,  
 Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,  
 May, in her fantastic train,  
 When Pastora deigns to wear me,  
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

---

## THE NARCISSEUS.

---

As pendent o'er the limpid stream  
 I bow'd my snowy pride,  
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame  
 For what the Fates deny'd!



The fair Pastora chanc'd to pass  
 With such an angel air,  
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,  
 And lov'd the rival fair.

Ye Fates! no longer let me pine,  
 A self-admiring sweet!  
 Permit me, by your grace divine,  
 To kiss the fair one's feet;

That if by chance the gentle maid  
 My fragrance should admire,  
 I may — upon her bosom laid,  
 In sister-sweets expire.

---

## THE BROKEN CHINA.

---

Soon as the sun began to peep,  
 And gild the morning skies,  
 Young Chloe, from disorder'd sleep,  
 Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite  
 That waited on her still.  
 Had teas'd her all the tedious night  
 With visionary ill.



„Some shock of Fate is surely nigh, “  
 Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid:  
 „What do these horrid dreams imply?  
 „My Cupid can't be dead!“

She call'd her Cupid my his name,  
 In dread of some mishap;  
 Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,  
 And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware  
 Her sumptuous table grac'd,  
 The gentle emblems of the fair,  
 In beauteous order plac'd.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd  
 To give the morning treat,  
 When Dick, the country beau, appear'd,  
 And, bowing, took his seat.

Well — chatting on of that and this  
 The maid revers'd her cup,  
 And, tempted by the forfeit kiss,  
 The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;  
 Right fairly it was won:  
 With many a frown the fair denies;  
 Fond baits to draw him on.







The cowslips were lively — the primroses gay,  
And shed their best perfumes to welcome  
the May;

The swains and their sweethearts, all rang'd  
on the green,

Did homage to Phoebe — and hail'd her  
their queen.

Young Damon stepp'd forward: he sung in  
her praise,

And Phoebe bestow'd him a garland of bays:  
„May this wreath,“ said the fair one, „dear  
Lord of my vows!

„A crown for true merit, bloom long on  
thy brows.“

The swains and their sweethearts, that danc'd  
on the green,

Approv'd the fond present of Phoebe their  
queen.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds  
are told,

The dearest affections are barter'd for gold;

That discord in wedlock is often their lot,

While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot.

At the church with fair Phoebe since Damon  
has been,

He's rich as a monarch — she's blest as a  
queen.

---



# FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

---

FROM my favour sense rejected,  
 Fools by Fortune are protected:  
 Fortune, Harlequin! hath found you;  
 Happiness will hence surround you.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,  
 Quick contrivance this \* bestows you.  
 Valour makes the fair adore you;  
 This \*\* shall drive your foes before you.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure;  
 Take this purse of magic treasure.  
 Go — for while my gifts befriend you,  
 Joy and Jollity attend you.

---

## CLARINDA.

---

CLARINDA's lips I fondly prest,  
 While rapture fill'd each vein,  
 And as I touch'd her downy breast  
 Its tenant slept serene.

\* A Hat.

\*\* A Sword.



So soft a calm in such a part  
 Betrays a peaceful mind;  
 Whilst my uneasy flutt'ring heart  
 Would scarcely be confin'd.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees  
 Unmov'd when storms descend;  
 But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze  
 The myrtle bough must bend.

---

### ON THE APPROACH OF MAY.

---

**T**HE virgin, when soften'd by May,  
 Attends to the villager's vows;  
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,  
 And poplars embrace with their boughs.

On Ida bright Venus may reign,  
 Ador'd for her beauty above;  
 We shepherds, that dwell on the plain,  
 Hail May as the mother of Love.

From the west, as it wantonly blows,  
 Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;  
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,  
 And willows and woodbines entwine.



The pinks by the rivulet side,  
That border the vernal alcove,  
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide;  
For May is the mother of Love.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;  
He flutters in bridal array;  
And if the wing'd foresters sing,  
The music is taught them by May.

The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,  
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,  
And murm'ring, seems to repeat  
That May is the mother of Love.

The goddess will visit you soon;  
Ye Virgins! be sportive and gay:  
Get your pipes, oh ye Shepherds! in tune,  
For Music must welcome the May.

Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,  
And all his keen anguish remove,  
Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find  
That May is the mother of Love.

---



ON THE LATE  
ABSENCE OF MAY.

*Written in the Year 1771.*

---

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove  
For shelter cry all the long day;  
Their huts in the branches above  
Are cover'd no longer by May.

The birds, that so cheerfully sung,  
Are silent, or plaintive each tone,  
And, as they chirp low to their young,  
The want of their goddess bemoan.

No daisies or carpets of green  
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread;  
Not a sweet-brier sprig can be seen  
To finish this wreath for my head.

Some flow'rets, indeed, may be found,  
But these neither blooming nor gay;  
The fairest still sleep in the ground,  
And wait for the coming of May.

December, perhaps, has purloin'd  
Her rich tho' fantastical geer;  
With envy the months may have join'd,  
And jostled her out of the year.



Shome shepherds, 'tis true, may repine  
To see their lov'd gardens undrest:  
But I — whilst my Phillida's mine,  
Shall always have May in my breast.

ON SIR W—B—T's BIRTH-DAY.

Does true Felicity on Grandeur wait?  
Delights she in the pageantry of show?  
Say, can the glitt'ring gewgaws of the great  
An hour of inborn happiness bestow?

He that is just, benevolent, humane,  
In conscious rectitude supremely blest,  
O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,  
Tho' the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast.

Ye happy Children of the hoary North!  
Hail the glad day that saw your patron born,  
Whose private virtues, and whose public  
worth,  
Might the rich seats of Royalty adorn.



ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ.

ABUSED IN A NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice  
Would a man of worth defame,  
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,  
Only shews his want of shame.

Busy, pert, unmeaning, parrot!  
Vilest of the venal crews!  
Go — and, in your Grub — street garret,  
Hang yourself and paltry Muse.

Pity too the meddling sinner  
Should for hunger hang or drown;  
F——x, (he must not want a dinner) —  
Send the scribbler half a crown.

ON THE DEATH OF  
LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,  
And give a short, perhaps a quick, relief,  
While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public  
woe,  
Must labour thro' a long protracted grief.



This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's  
blast)

The sons of Albion can't enough deplore;  
Think, Britons! think on all his triumphs  
past,

And weep. — Your warrior is — alas! no  
more.

Blight, we are told, respects the conqueror's  
tree,

And thro' the laurel-grove with caution  
flies:

Vague — and how vain must that assertion  
be,

Cover'd with laurels, when a Granby dies!

---

ON THE DEATH OF  
MR. — OF SUNDERLAND.

---

Go, breath of Sorrow — go, attending  
Sighs,

Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,  
The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd,  
dies,

And Charity's first steward — is no more.



Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?  
Who shall relieve them from their loads of  
pain?

Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,  
So gracious — good — so tenderly humane?

Yes — there survives his darling offspring —  
young,

Yet in the paths of Virtue steady — sure:  
'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,  
„Think, (O remember!) think upon my  
poor.“

ON THE DEATH OF  
MRS. SLEIGH, OF STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much la-  
mented, Sleigh!

The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,  
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the Sky,  
Like the frail offspring of the Earth, could  
die:

Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,  
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.



ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot!  
How sweet will be the summer fruit!  
Let us behold the infant rose,  
How fragrant when its beauty blows!  
The morning smiles serenely gay,  
How bright will be the promise'd day!  
Contemplate next the charming maid  
In early innocence array'd.  
If in the morning of her years  
A lustre so intense appears,  
When time shall point her noontide rays,  
When her meridian charms shall blaze,  
None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

TO THE HON. MASTER B——.

SENT WITH A SELECT COLLECTION OF BOOKS.

Tho', gentle Youth! thy calm untainted  
mind  
Be like a morning in the spring serene,  
Time may commit the passions unconfin'd  
To the rude rigour of a noontide reign.







At courts I've try'd, where splendour shone,  
 Where Pomp and gilded Cares reside,  
 'Midst endless hurry, endless pride,  
 But there thou wast unknown.

Yet in the captive's dreary cell,  
 Lodg'd with a long experienc'd sage,  
 With the fam'd Chiron \* of the stage,  
 The goddess deign'd to dwell.

Integrity and truth serene  
 Had eas'd the labours of his breast,  
 And lull'd his peaceful heart to rest  
 'Midst perfidy and pain.

A soul like his, disrob'd of guile,  
 With native innocence elate,  
 Above the keenest rage of Fate  
 Can greet her with a smile.

---

ON SOME BUSSES BEING FITTED OUT FOR  
 THE HERRING FISHERY.

---

O'er the green waves, where Britain boasts  
 her sway,  
 Round the wide waste of our long slighted sea,

\* He had been thirty years Prompter at the London Theatre.



Let the glad tale in sacred accents swell,  
 Let babbling Tritons to the sea gods tell  
 „Britain's at last grown conscious of her  
 shame;

„Britain awakes her ravish'd rights to claim;  
 „Britain! — see pale Batavians trembling at  
 the name.“

Abash'd — confounded — let the dull Mynheer  
 No more between our sacred banks appear.  
 Shall the dull Dutch exult in our disgrace,  
 Rifle our wedded waves before our face?  
 Feast on the joys of our luxuriant spouse,  
 And plant upon old Albion's chalky brows?  
 No, Britons! no — George and your Genius  
 smile,  
 And new-born beauties rise propitious to  
 your Isle!

---

### ON HEARING DAVID HUME, ESQ.

*Particularly admired in a Company of  
 Petit-Maitres.*

---

**D**ID rocks and trees in ancient days  
 Round tuneful Orpheus throng,  
 Mov'd by the bard's enliv'ning lays,  
 And sensible of song?



When the bold Orpheus of our age,  
With true pathetic fire,  
Unfolds the philosophic page,  
The very beaux admire!

O N G O L D.

BEAUTY'S a bawble, a trifle in price!  
'Tis glass, or 'tis something as glaring;  
But set it in Gold — 'tis so wonderful nice  
That a prince should be proud in the wearing.  
How feeble the transport when passion is  
gone!  
How pall'd when the honey-moon's over!  
When kissing — and cooing — and toying,  
are done,  
'Tis gold must enliven the lover.

ON ALDERMAN W—.

THE HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

THAT he was born it cannot be deny'd.  
He ate, drank, slept, talk'd politics, and dy'd.



## AN ELEGY ON HIS DEATH.

**T**HAT Fate would not grant a reprieve,  
 'Tis true we have cause to lament;  
 Yet faith 'tis a folly to grieve,  
 So e'en let us all be content.

On the stone that was plac'd o'er his head  
 (When he mingled with shadows so grim)  
 These words may be ev'ry day read,  
 „Here lies the late Alderman Whim.“

## M E L O D Y.

**L**IGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows  
 Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,  
 Flights of little pointed arrows  
 Love dispatch'd among the swains.

But so much our shepherds dread him,  
 (Spoiler of their peace profound,)  
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,  
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.



Now the wanton god grown slier,  
 And for each fond mischief ripe,  
 Comes disguis'd in Pan's attire,  
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe.

Echo by the winding river  
 Doubles his delusive strains,  
 While the boy conceals his quiver  
 From the slow-returning swains.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,  
 Prais'd the fly musician's art,  
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,  
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart.

Cupid will enforce our duty,  
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,  
 Those who timid fly from Beauty,  
 May by Melody be caught.

---

## REPUTATION:

AN ALLEGORY.

---

To travel far as the wide world extends,  
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,  
 Virtue set forth with two selected friends,  
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.



As they went on in their intended round,  
Talent first spoke. „My gentle Comrades!

„Where each of you may probably be  
found,

„Should accident divide us on the way.

„If torn,“ she added, „from my lov'd  
allies,

„A friendly patronage I hope to find

„Where the fine Arts from cultivation rise,

„And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz'd  
mankind.“

Says Virtue, „Did Sincerity appear,

„Or meek-ey'd Charity, among the great;

„Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,

„'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

„Could I find patriots for the public weal

„Assiduous, and without their selfish views;

„Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,

„'Tis among those my residence I'd chuse.

„In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside,

„I must be found in some sequester'd cell,

„Far from the paths of Avarice or Pride,

„Where home-bred Happiness delights to  
dwell.“



„Ye may be trac'd, my gentle Friends! 'tis  
 true;  
 „But who,“ says Reputation, „can explore  
 ;,My slipp'ry steps? — Keep, keep me in  
 your view:  
 „If I'm once lost you'll never find me  
 more.“

---

## INCANTATION.

*Performed at the Theatre in Sunderland in  
 a new Pantomime.*

---

### RECITATIVE.

HECATE.

**F**ROM the dark tremendous cell,  
 Where the fiends of magic dwell,  
 Now the sun hath left the skies,  
 Daughters of Enchantments! rise.

AIR.

Welcome from the shades beneath!  
 (Witches appear)  
 Welcome to the blasted heath!



Where the spectre and the sprite  
 Glide along the glooms of night.  
 Beldams! with attention keen  
 Wait the wish of Harlequin.  
 Many a wonder must be done,  
 For my first my fav'rite son.

CHORUS OF WITCHES.

Many a wonder shall be done,  
 Hecate! for your fav'rite son.

---

AN INSCRIPTION

*On the House at Mavis Bank, near Edinburgh,  
 Situated in a Grove.*

---

**P**ARVA domus! nemorosa quies!  
 Sis tu, quoque nostris  
 Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!  
 Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que mensas!  
 Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!  
 Et volucres pictae cingentes voce canora,  
 Retia sola canent quae sibi tendit amor!  
 Floriferi colles, dulces mihi saepe recessus  
 Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!



Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,  
 Seroque terrenas experiare vices!  
 Integra raddantur quae plurima saecula rodant  
 Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

---

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

---

PEACE has explor'd this sylvan scene;  
 She courts your calm retreat,  
 Ye Groves of variegated green!  
 That grace my genial seat.

Here in the lap of lenient Ease,  
 (Remote from madd'ning noise,)  
 Let me delude a length of days  
 In dear domestic joys!

Long may the parent queen of Flow'rs  
 Her fragrance here display!  
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs  
 And make my portals gay!

Nor you — my yellow Gardens! fail  
 To swell Pomona's hoard;  
 So shall the plenteous rich regale —  
 Replenish long my board.



Pour thro' the groves - yōur carols clear,  
 Ye birds! nor bondage dread:  
 If any toils entangle here,  
 'Tis those which love hath spread.

Where the green hill so gradual flants,  
 Or flow'ry glade extends,  
 Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts  
 Prove social to my friends!

May you preserve perpetual bloom,  
 My happy halcyon Seat!  
 Or if fell Time denounce thy doom,  
 Far distant be its date.

And when he makes, with iron rage,  
 The youthful pride his prey,  
 Long may the honours of thy age  
 Be rev'renc'd in decay!

---

## ANOTHER INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

---

**H**ANC in gremio resonantis sylvae  
 Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,  
 Caeterisque ruris honoribus,  
 Undique renidentem villam,



Non magnificam —— non superbam;  
At qualem vides,  
Commodam, mundam, genialem  
Naturae parem, socians artem,  
Sibi, suisque  
Ad vitam placide,  
Et tranquille agendum  
Designavit, instruxitque.

D. I. C.

ABOVE INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

In the deep bolom of my grove  
A sweet recess survey,  
Where birds with elegies of love  
Make vocal ev'ry spray.  
A sylvan spot! with woods — with waters  
crown'd,  
With all the rural honours blooming round!  
This little but commodious seat  
(Where Nature weds with Art)  
A'nt to the eye superbly great;  
Its beauties charm the heart.  
Here may the happy founder and his race  
Pass their full days in harmony and peace.



## AN EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGES AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter or the star of state,  
That on the vain or on the vicious wait,  
Such emblems with such emphasis impart  
As an insignium near the Masons heart?

Hail, sacred Masonry! of source divine,  
Unerring mistress of the faultless line!  
Whose plumb of truth with never-failing  
sway

Makes the join'd parts of symmetry obey.

Hail to the Craft! at whose serene  
command

The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand;  
Whose magic stroke bids fell Confusion cease,  
And to the finish'd Orders yield its place;  
Who calls creation from the womb of earth,  
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd;  
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;  
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,  
And points the tide of passions where to roll;  
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,  
And forms her Lodge an universal school,  
Where Nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,



And sense and Science join'd go hand in  
hand.

O ! may her social rules instructive spread  
Till Truth erect her long neglected head;  
Till thro' deceitful Night she dart her ray,  
And beam full glorious in the blaze of day!  
Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move,  
Till all the peopled world her laws approve,  
And the whole human race be bound in  
Brothers' love.

---

### AN EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKEN AT ALNWICK IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

*At a Charitable Benefit - Play, 1765.*

To bid the rancour of ill-fortune cease;  
To tell Anxiety — I give thee peace;  
To quell Adversity — or turn her darts;  
To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:  
For these high motives — these illustrious  
ends,

Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,  
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt  
glade!



She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,  
 And tender as a fond young lover's dream:  
 Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,  
 And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes:  
 From her high residence, from realms above,  
 She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!  
 Her sister's charms \* are more than doubly  
 bright  
 From the kind cause that call'd her here to  
 night.

An artless grace the conscious heart bestows,  
 And on the gen'rous cheek a tincture glows  
 More lovely than the bloom that paints the  
 vernal rose.

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live;  
 Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!  
 But Charity, by tyrant Time rever'd,  
 Sweet Charity! amidst his ruins spar'd,  
 Secures her votaries' unblasted fame,  
 And in celestial annals saves their name.

\* The Countess of Northumberland, who honour-  
 ed the Charity with her presence.

---



## A N I N V I T A T I O N.

*Including the Characters of the particular  
Company that frequented Mr. Buxton's ele-  
gant Country-house at Weston, the Fa-  
mily intending for London.*

—

COME, Daphne! as the widow'd turtle true,  
Foremost in grief, conduct the mournful crew!  
Come, Delia! beauteous as the new-born  
Spring,

With song more soft than raptur'd angels  
sing:

Let Thyrsis in the bloom of summer's pride,  
With folded arms walk pensive by her side.  
Clarinda! come, like rosy Morning fair,  
Thy form as beauteous as thy heart's sincere:  
On her shall Cimon gaze with rude delight,  
Till polish'd by her charms he grows polite.  
Dorinda next — her gay good humour fled,  
With silent steps and grief-dejected head!  
Palemon! see, his tuneless harp unstrung  
Is on the willow-boughs neglected hung!  
Come, Caelia! sigh'd for by unnumber'd  
swains:

Rosetta! pride of the extended plains:  
With Phillis, whose unripen'd charms display  
A dawn that promises the future day.



With cypress crown'd, to Weston's groves  
 repair;  
 The conscious shades shall witness our despair:  
 To vales, and lawns, and woodlands, late  
 so gay,  
 Where in sweet converse we were wont to  
 stray,  
 The joys we've lost in plaintive numbers tell,  
 And bid the social seat a long farewell!

## AN APOLOGY.

FOR A CERTAIN LADY.

To an old dotard's wretched arms betray'd,  
 The wife (miscall'd) is but a widow'd maid.  
 Young, and impatient at her wayward lot,  
 If the dull rules of duty are forgot,  
 Whatever ills from her defection rise,  
 The parent's guilty who compell'd the ties.



## AN INTRODUCTION.

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,  
*To a Play performed there for the Benefit  
 of the Widows and Orphans of  
 that Place.*

---

ON Widows — Orphans — left, alas!  
 forlorn,

(From the rack'd heart its ev'ry comfort torn)  
 Humanity to-night confers relief,  
 And softens tho' she cann't remove their grief.  
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,  
 The sons of Sympathy, with sorrow chill'd,  
 Behold the wretched Matron — madly weep,  
 And hear her cry — „My joys are in the  
 deep!“

To the tremendous Pow'r that rules mankind,  
 Lord of the seas — the calm and boist'rous  
 wind,

We bow obedient, and with awe resign'd!  
 His ways inscrutable we cann't explore:  
 No — we may wonder, but we must adore.  
 Happy for ever be the gen'rous breast  
 That feels compassion for the poor distress!  
 Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!  
 Such hands there are, and such we find are  
 here.



## A PETITION

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS,

*Delivered from the Stage by a Lady at a  
Comedy countenanced by that Fraternity.*

---

**B**ROTHERS! — it is bold to interrupt your  
meeting,

But from the female world I wait you —  
greeting. (*Curtseys.*

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons  
That make them hope to be receiv'd as  
Masons.

To keep a secret — not one hint expressing;  
To rein the tongue — O husbands! there's  
a blessing.

As virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,  
Why should the fair be barr'd from instal-  
lation?

If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong  
us;

Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among  
us.

Think — Brothers! think, and graciously  
admit us;

Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit  
us.



How to be wiser and more cautious teach  
us;

Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach  
us.

The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,  
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,  
Were caus'd (if I've a grain of penetration)  
From each great lady's not being made a  
Mason.

Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,  
And virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave  
us.

---

## A P O S T S C R I P T.

---

**W**OULD honest Tom G——d \* get rid of  
a scold,  
The torture and plague of his life,  
Pray tell him to take down his Lion of Gold,  
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

---

\* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an Inn in York-  
shire.



## A F R A G M E N T.

*Part of a Poem wrote on Miss Bellamy  
when in Dublin.*

---

FROM slavish rules, mechanic forms, unty'd,  
She soars with sacred Nature for her guide.  
The smile of Peace — the wildness of  
Despair —  
The soft'ning sigh — the soul-dissolving tear;  
Each magic charm the boasted Oldfield knew,  
Enchanting Bellamy! revives in you.

'Tis thine, resistless, the superior art,  
To search the soul; and trace the various  
heart;

With native force, with unaffected ease,  
To form the yielding passions as you please!

Oldmixon's \* charms, by melody imprest,  
May gently touch the song-enamour'd breast;  
But transient raptures must attend the wound  
Where the light arrow is convey'd by sound!

Or should Mechel \*\* all languishing ad-  
vance,

Her limbs display'd in ev'ry maze of dance,

\* A lady celebrated for singing.

\*\* A dancer then in Smock-alley Theatre.



(The soul untouch'd) she captivates the sight;  
But breathing wit with judgment must unite  
To give the man of reason unconfin'd delight.

A F R A G M E N T.

TO MR. WOODS,

*Architect of the Exchange at Liverpool.*

WHERE Mersey \* rolls her wealth-bestowing  
waves,

And the wide sandy beech triumphant laves;  
Where naval store in harbour'd safety rides  
Unmov'd by storms, unhurt by threat'ning  
tides,

Commerce — paternal goddess! sits serene,  
Commandant of the tributes of the main.

But yet no temple lifts its high-topp'd  
spire;

Simple her seat — and artless her attire!  
Around attendant priests in order wait,  
Guiltless of pomp and ignorant of state;  
The godhead's pow'r tho' unadorn'd they own,  
And bend with incense — at her low-built  
throne.

\* The river Mersey, at Liverpool.



Pallas beheld — she quits the ambient  
skies,  
And thus the blue ey'd maid indignant cries:  
„Is it for thee — my Woods! — to sit  
supine?  
„(Thy genius fraught with ev'ry grace of  
mine)  
„Is it for thee — to whose mysterious hand  
„Science — and sister Arts obsequious stand,  
„Inglorious thus to let a goddess pine?  
„No throne — no temple — no superior  
shrine!  
„Haste, haste! command the well wrought  
column's rise,  
„And lift my fav'rite Commerce to the skies.“

\* \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

## A RECANTATION.

OF spleen so dormant, indolence so great,  
I've thoughtless flatter'd what in truth I hate.



## A C R O S T I C K.

---

**P**RAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the  
 Graces,  
 (On a visit they came, and had just ta'en  
 their places,)

Let me know why of late I can ne'er see  
 your faces.

Ladies, nothing I hope happen'd here to  
 affright ye?

You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to  
 invite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious  
 proceeding,

Understand, dear Mamma! there's some mis-  
 chief a-breeding;

There's a fair one at Lincoln: so finish'd a  
 beauty,

That your Loves and your Graces all swerve  
 from their duty.

On my life, says Dame Venus, I'll not be  
 thus put on;

Now I think on't, last night some one call'd  
 me Miss Sutton.

---



A C R O S T I C K.

WHERE no ripen'd summer glows  
In the lap of northern snows,  
Deserts gloomy, cold, and drear,  
Only let the nymph be there,  
Wreaths of budding sweets would wear,  
May would every fragrance bring,  
All the vernal bloom of spring:  
Dryads, deck'd with myrtles green,  
Dancing would attend their queen,  
Every flow'r that Nature spreads  
Rising where the charmer treads!

A CHARACTER.

THE Muse of a soldier so whimsical sings,  
He's captain at once to four different kings;  
And tho' in their battles he boldly behaves,  
To their queens he's a cull, and a dupe to  
their knaves.  
Whilst others are cheerfully join'd in the  
chase,  
Young Hobbinol's hunting the critical ace:



On feasts or on fasts tho' the parson exclaim,  
Under hedges or haycocks he'll stick to his  
game:

Yet the priest cannot say he's quite out of  
his fold;

For he's always at church — when a tithe's  
to be sold.

---

### WITH A PRESENT.

---

LET not the hand of Amity be nice,  
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim;  
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,  
If Friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,  
One of the sweets with which the gardens  
teem,

In value soars above an eastern gem,  
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,  
Such as your merits might demand — their  
due,

Then should the golden tribute of your friend  
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

---



## SENT TO MISS BELL H—,

WITH A PAIR OF BUCKLES.

---

HAPPY Trifles! can you bear  
Sighs of fondness to the fair?  
If your pointed tongues can tell  
How I love my charming Bell,  
Fondly take a lover's part,  
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go — ye Trifles — gladly fly,  
(Gracious in my fair one's eye,)  
Fly — your envy'd bliss to meet;  
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

Happy there with waggish play  
Tho' you revel day by day,  
Like the donor, ev'ry night  
Robb'd of his supreme delight,  
To subdue your wanton pride,  
Useless you'll be thrown aside,

---



EPIGRAPH  
FOR DEAN SWIFT'S MONUMENT.

EXECUTED BY  
MR. P. CUNNINGHAM,  
STATUARY IN DUBLIN.

---

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame  
What added honours can the sculptor give?  
None — 'Tis a sanction from the Drapier's  
name  
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

---

FROM A TRUANT

TO HIS FRIENDS.

---

'Tis not in cells, or a sequester'd cot,  
The mind and morals properly expand:  
Let youth step forward to a busier spot,  
Led by Discretion's cool conducting hand.

To learn some lessons from the schools of man  
(Forgive me) I forlook my darling home;  
Not from a light an undigested plan,  
Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.



In your affections — (let resentment fly)  
 Restore me to my long - accusom'd place;  
 Receive me with a kind forgiving eye,  
 And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

---

## FROM THE AUTHOR

TO A CELEBRATED METHODIST PREACHER.

---

**H**YPOCRISY'S Son!  
 No more of your fun;  
 A truce with fanatical raving.  
 Why censure the stage?  
 'Tis known to the age  
 That both of us thrive by — deceiving.  
 'Tis frequently said  
 That two of a trade  
 Will boldly each other bespatter:  
 But trust me they're fools  
 Who play with edg'd tools;  
 So let's have no more of the matter.

---



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# PASTORALS.

---

## DAY:

### A PASTORAL.

----- Carpe diem.

Hor.

---

## MORNING.

**I**n the barn the tenant cock,  
 Close to partlet perch'd on high.  
 Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock,)  
 Jocund that the Morning's nigh.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow  
 Shadow nurs'd by Night retire,  
 And the peeping sunbeam now  
 Paints with gold the village spire.

Philomel forsakes the thorn,  
 Plaintive where she prates at night,  
 And the lark to meet the Morn  
 Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.



From the low roof'd cottage ridge  
 See the chatt'ring swallow spring;  
 Darting thro' the one arch'd bridge,  
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

Now the pine tree's waving top  
 Gently greets the Morning gale;  
 Kidlings now begin to crop  
 Daisies in the dewy dale.

From the balmy sweets, unclöy'd,  
 (Restless till her task be done)  
 Now the busy bee's employ'd  
 Sipping dew before the sun.

Trickling thro' the crevic'd rock,  
 Where the limpid stream distils,  
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock  
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

Colin, from the promis'd corn  
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)  
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,  
 Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

Sweet — O sweet! the warbling throng  
 On the white emblossom'd spray!  
 Nature's universal song  
 Echoes to the rising day.



## NOON.

Fervid on the glitt'ring flood  
Now the Noontide radiance glows;  
Drooping o'er its infant bud,  
Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

By the brook the shepherd dines,  
From the fierce meridian heat  
Shelter'd by the branching pines  
Pendent o'er his grassy seat.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,  
Where uncheck'd the sunbeams fall,  
Sure to find a pleasing shade  
By the ivy'd abbey-wall.

Echo in her airy round  
O'er the river, rock, and hill,  
Cannot catch a single sound,  
Save the clack of yonder mill.

Cattle court the Zephyrs bland  
Where the streamlet wanders cool;  
Or with languid silence stand  
Midway in the marshy pool.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,  
Not a flutt'ring Zephyr springs,  
Fearful lest the Noontide beam  
Scorch its soft its silken wings.



Not a leaf has leave to stir;  
 Nature's lull'd — serene — and still;  
 Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,  
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

Languid is the landscape round,  
 Till the fresh descending show'r,  
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,  
 Raises ev'ry fainting flow'r.

Now the hill — the hedge — is green,  
 Now the warblers' throats in tune!  
 Blithsome is the verdant scene  
 Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

#### EVENING.

O'er the heath the heifer strays  
 Free — (the furrow'd task is done) —  
 Now the village windows blaze,  
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he hides behind the hill,  
 Sinking from a golden sky;  
 Can the pencil's mimic skill  
 Copy the refulgent dye?

Trudging as the plowmen go,  
 (To the smoking hamlet bound,)  
 Giant-like their shadows grow,  
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where



Where the rising forest spreads  
 Shelter for the lordly dome,  
 To their high-built airy beds  
 See the rooks returning home!

As the lark with vary'd tune  
 Carols to the Ev'ning loud,  
 Mark the mild resplendent moon  
 Breaking thro' a parted cloud!

How the hermit howlet peeps  
 From the barn or twisted brake,  
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,  
 Curling on the silver lake!

As the trout in speckled pride  
 Playful from its bosom springs  
 To the banks, a ruffled tide  
 Verges in successive rings.

Tripping thro' the silken grass  
 O'er the path-divided dale,  
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass  
 With her well-pois'd milking-pail.

Linnets with unnumber'd notes,  
 And the cuckow, bird with two,  
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,  
 Bid the setting-sun adieu.



P A L E M O N:

A PASTORAL.

PALEMON, seated by his fav'rite maid,  
The sylvan scenes with ecstasy survey'd;  
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,  
For Daphne had been absent half the day:  
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,  
Reluctant, in his turn Alexis tries.

PALEMON. This breeze by the river how  
charming and soft!  
How smooth the grass carpet! how green!  
Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft  
His music enlivens the scene.  
A thousand fresh flow'rets, unusually gay,  
The fields and the forests adorn;  
I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,  
And could not find one with a thorn.

ALEXIS. The skies are quite clouded, too  
bold is the breeze,  
Dull vapours descend on the plain;  
The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon' trees,  
The birds cannot compass a strain:  
In search for a chaplet my temples to bind  
All day as I silently rove,  
I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)  
In meadow, in garden, or grove.



PALEMON. I ne'er saw the hedge in such  
 excellent bloom,  
 The lambkins so wantonly gay;  
 My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing  
 perfume,  
 And brighter than common the day.  
 If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask  
 So rich why the landscapes appear?  
 To give a right answer how easy my task!  
 Because my sweet Phillida's here.

ALEXIS. The stream that so muddy moves  
 slowly along  
 Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;  
 It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,  
 But Daphne sat then by my side.  
 See, see the lov'd Maid! o'er the meadows  
 she hies;  
 Quite alter'd already the scene!  
 How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue  
 skies!  
 The hills and the hedges how green!

---



## P O M O N A:

A PASTORAL

*On the Cyder - Bill being passed.*

FROM orchards of ample extent  
 Pomona's compell'd to depart,  
 And thus as in anguish she went,  
 The goddess unburthen'd her heart:

„To flourish where Liberty reigns  
 „Was all my fond wishes requir'd,  
 „And here I agreed with the swains  
 „To live till their freedom expir'd.

„Of late you have number'd my trees,  
 „And threaten'd to limit my store:  
 „Alas! — from such maxims as these  
 „I fear that your freedom's no more.

„My flight will be fatal to May;  
 „For how can her gardens be fine?  
 „The blossoms are doom'd to decay,  
 „(The blossoms I mean that were mine.)

„Rich Autumn remembers me well;  
 „My fruitage was fair to behold!  
 „My pears — how I ripen'd their swell!  
 „My pippins — were pippins of gold!



„Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs;  
 „She droops as he furrows the soil:  
 „A nectar I shake from my boughs;  
 „A nectar that softens my toil!

„When Bacchus began to repine,  
 „With patience I bore his abuse;  
 „He said that I plunder'd the vine;  
 „He said that I pilfer'd his juice.

„I know the proud drunkard denies  
 „That trees of my culture should grow:  
 „But let not the traitor advise;  
 „He comes from the climes of your foe.

„Alas! in your silence I read  
 „The sentence I'm doom'd to deplore:  
 „'Tis plain the great Pan has decreed  
 „My orchard shall flourish no more.“

The goddesses flew off in despair,  
 As all her sweet honours declin'd,  
 And Plenty and Pleasure declare  
 They'll loiter no longer behind.

---



## D E L I A:

A PASTORAL.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride  
 Her glossy plumage laves,  
 And sailing down the silver tide  
 Divides the whisp'ring waves,

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,  
 Sweet to the bird must be;  
 But not so sweet — blithe Cupid knows,  
 As Delia is to me.

A parent bird in plaintive mood  
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,  
 And still the pendent nest she view'd  
 That held her callow young:

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart  
 The genial brood must be;  
 But no so dear the thousandth part  
 As Delia is to me.

The roses that my brows surround  
 Were natives of the dale;  
 Scarce pluck'd, and in the garland bound,  
 Before their sweets grew pale!







To the groves with young Colin the shepherd  
herdels flies,  
While Damon disturbs the still plains with  
his sighs.

PHIL. Bethink you, false Damon! before  
you upbraid:  
When Phoebe's fair lambkin had yesterday  
stray'd,  
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor  
Phillis forgot!  
And drove the gay rambler quite home to  
her cot.

A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;  
'Tis Phoebe, not Phillis, lays claim to your  
sighs.

DAM. Like summer's full season young  
Phoebe is kind;  
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!  
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn;  
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the  
Morn!  
She smiles like Pomona — These smiles I'd  
reign  
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be  
mine.

PHIL. On the tabor young Colin so pret-  
tily plays,  
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in  
my praise!



He chose me his true-love last Valentine Day,  
When birds sat like bridegrooms all pair'd on  
the spray;

Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from  
my mind,

If Damon the rover were constant and kind.

DAM. Fine folks, my sweet Phillis! may  
revel and range,

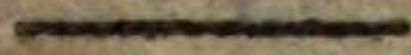
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on  
change!

In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,  
That peasants with pity may look down on  
                                  kings.

To the church then let's hasten, our trans-  
ports to bind,

And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHIL. To the church then let's hasten,  
our transports to bind,  
And Phillis will always prove faithful and  
kind.





## C O R Y D O N:

A PASTORAL.

*To the Memory of William Shenstone, Esq.*

COME, Shepherds! we'll follow the hearse,  
 We'll see our lov'd Corydon laid!  
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,  
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.

They call'd him The Pride of the Plain;  
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!  
 He mark'd on his elegant strain  
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon' trees  
 That birds in the covert might dwell;  
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,  
 But never would rifle their cell.

Ye Lambkins! that play'd at his feet,  
 Go bleat — and your master bemoan;  
 His music was artless and sweet,  
 His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,  
 No bloom on the blossoms appear;  
 The sweets of the forest shall fail,  
 And winter discolour the year.







A youngling it seems had been stole from its  
dam,

(’Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,)

That Corydon might, as he search’d for his  
lamb,

Arrive at this critical spot.

As thro’ the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps  
He saw the sweet maid with surprise:

„Ye Gods! if so killing,“ he cry’d, „when  
she sleeps,

„I’m lost when she opens her eyes!

„To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,

„I’ll onwards my lambkin to trace.“

In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,  
For Love had him nail’d to the place.

„Hush, hush’d be these birds; what a bawl-  
ing they keep!“

He cry’d; „you’re too loud on the spray:

„Don’t you see, foolish Lark! that the  
charmer’s asleep?

„You’ll awake her as sure as ’tis day.

„How dare that fond butterfly touch the  
sweet maid!

„Her cheek he mistakes for the rose:

„I’d pat him to death, if I was not afraid

„My boldness would break her repose.“



Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing  
smile:

„Kind Shepherd!“ she said, „you mistake;  
„I laid myself down just to rest me a while,  
„But, trust me, have still been awake.“

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with  
a bow;

He plac'd himself close by her side,  
And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,  
But yesterday made her his bride.

---

## C O N T E N T:

A PASTORAL.

---

O'er moorlands and mountains, rude, bar-  
ren, and bare,

As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,  
A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,  
And leans me — o'er lawns — to her home.

Yellow sheaves from rich Ceres her cottage  
had crown'd,

Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,  
Her casement sweet woodbines crept wanton-  
ly round,

And deck'd the sod seats at her door.







To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire;  
The damsel's of humble descent:  
The cottager Peace is well known for her  
fire,  
And shepherds have nam'd her Content.

THE RESPITE:

A PASTORAL.

А! what is it to me that the grasshopper  
sings?

Or what that the meadows are fair?  
That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on  
wings)

The butterflies flaunt it in air?

Ye Birds! I'll no longer attend to a lay;  
Your haunts in the forest resign:  
Shall you with your true loves be happy all  
day,

Whilst I am divided from mine?

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite  
We twist'd a blooming alcove,  
And oft' has my Damon with smiles of delight  
Declar'd it the Mantle of Love.







A P A S T O R A L \*.

WHERE the fond Zephyr thro' the wood-  
bine plays,

And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling  
bow'r.

Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays  
Impatient — for 'tis past — the promis'd hour.

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star,  
Bright Helper! In thy glowing pomp array'd  
Look down, look down, from thy all-glo-  
rious car,

And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,  
And pass unnotic'd from malignant sight,  
This dreary waste full resolute I try,  
And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

The moon has flipp'd behind an envious cloud;  
Her smiles so gracious I no longer view:  
Let her remain behind that envious shroud;  
My hopes, bright Hesperus! depend on you.

\* The hint of this Pastoral was taken from the seventh Idyllium of Moschus, translated by Dr. Broome.



No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;  
I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:  
Hear then what Love and Innocence request,  
And shed your kindest influence on me.

Thee — Venus loves — First twinkler of  
the sky,  
Thou art her star — in golden radiance gay!  
On my distresses cast a pitying eye;  
Assist me — for, alas! I've lost my way.

I see the darling of my soul — my love!  
Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:  
He leads me to the bosom of the grove.  
Thanks, gentle star — kind Hesperus! fare-  
well.

A P A S T O R A L H Y M N

TO IANUS.

*On the Birth of the Queen.*

Te primum pia thura rogent - - - te vota saludent,  
- - - - - te colat omnis honos. *Mart. ad Janum.*

To Janus, gentle Shepherds! raise a shrine;  
His honours be divine!



And as to mighty Pan, with homage bow:  
To him the virgin troop shall tribute bring;  
Let him be hail'd like the green-livery'd  
Spring,

Spite of the wintry storms that stain his brow.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of May  
Glides wantonly away:

But January \*, in his rough-spun vest,  
Boasts the full blessings that can never fade;  
He that gave birth to the illustrious maid  
Whose beauties make the British Monarch blest!

Could the soft Spring, with all her sunny  
showers,

The frolic nurse of flowers!

Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,  
Could they produce a finish'd piece so rare?  
Or from his golden stores a gift so fair,  
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay  
As the white-hawthorn'd May!

The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,  
Her rosy wreath shall on his brows appear:  
Old Janus as he leads shall fill the year,  
And the less fruitful Autumn be dethron'd.

Q 2

\* This little poem was written on supposition that Her Majesty's birth day was really in the month of January.



Above the other months supremely blest  
Glad Janus stands confest!

He can behold, with retrospective face,  
The mighty blessings of the year gone by;  
Where, to connect a monarch's nuptial tie,  
Assembled ev'ry Glory, ev'ry Grace!

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year  
The golden Hours appear,  
As in the sacred reign of Saturn fair:  
Britain shall prove, from this propitious date,  
Her honours perfect, victories complete,  
And boast the brightest hopes, a British Heir.



\_\_\_\_\_

A F A B L E.

\_\_\_\_\_

„But first — look at me — see my limbs  
how complete!



„I guide all my motions with freedom and  
ease,

„Run backward and forward, and turn  
when I please.

„Of nature (grown weary) you shocking ef-  
fay!

„I spurn you thus from me — crawl out of  
my way. “

The reptile insulted, and vex'd to the  
soul,

Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his  
hole;

But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,  
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the  
road,

(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his  
load,)

The beau on a violet bank he beheld,  
Whose gesture in glory a monarch's excell'd;  
His plumage expanded — twas rare to behold  
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant, quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,  
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging  
away:

„Stop, friend, “ says the Butterfly — “ dont  
be surpriz'd;

„I once was the reptile you spurn'd and  
despis'd;



„But now I can mount; in the sunbeams I  
                                           play,  
 „While you must for ever drudge on in your  
                                           way.“

M O R A L.

A wretch tho' to-day he's o'erloaded with  
                                           sorrow,  
 May soar above those that oppress'd him —  
                                           to-morrow.

---

THE ROSE AND BUTTERFLY:

A F A B L E.

---

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spy'd  
 A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her  
                                           his bride;  
 She blush'd when she heard him his passion  
                                           declare,  
 And tenderly told him — he need not  
                                           despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers  
                                           will do;  
 He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be  
                                           true.



It had not been prudent to deal with de-  
lay,

The bloom of a Rose passes quickly away,  
And the pride of a Butterfly dies in a day.

When wedded, away the wing'd gentle-  
man hies;

From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies;  
Nor did he revisit his bride till the sun  
Had less than one fourth of his journey to  
run.

The rose thus reproach'd him — " Already  
so cold!

„How feign'd, O you false one! the passion  
you told!

„'Tis an age since you left me." She meant  
a few hours;

But such we'll suppose the fond language of  
flow'rs.

„I saw when you gave the base vi'let a  
kiss:

„How — how could you stoop to a mean-  
ness like this?

„Shall a low little wretch, whom we Roses  
despise,

„Find favour, O Love! in my Butterfly's  
eyes!

„On a tulip quite tawdry I saw your fond  
rape,

„For yet could the pitiful primrose escape:



„Dull daffodils, too, were with ardour ad-  
dressed;

„And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly ca-  
ressed.”

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd  
with a sneer,

„That you're first to complain, I commend  
you, my Dear!

„But know from your conduct my maxims  
I drew,

„And if I'm inconstant I copy from you.

„I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms;

„I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his  
arms;

„The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot  
disown;

„You favour'd besides — O, dishonour! —  
a drone:

„Yet worse — 'tis a crime that you must  
not deny,

„Your sweets were made common, false  
Rose! to a fly.”

#### M O R A L.

This law long ago did Love's providence  
make,

That ev'ry coquet should be curs'd with a  
rake.

---



# THE SHEEP AND BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A F A B L E.

---

A Thick-twisted Brake, in the time of a  
storm,  
Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep;  
So snug for a while he lay shelter'd and  
warm,  
It quietly sooth'd him asleep,

The clouds are now scatter'd — the winds  
are at peace,  
The Sheep to his pasture inclin'd;  
But ah! the fell thicket lays hold of his  
fleece;  
His coat's left a forfeit behind.

My Friend! who the Thicket of law never  
try'd,  
Consider before you get in;  
Tho' judgment and sentence are pass'd on  
your side,  
By Jove you'll be fleec'd to the skin.

---



## THE FOX AND CAT:

A F A B L E.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd  
one day,

With moral discourses cut shorter the way.

„'Tis great," says the Fox, „to make justice  
our guide!“

„How godlike his mercy!" Grimalkin re-  
ply'd.

While thus they proceeded — a wolf  
from the wood,

Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,  
Rush'd forth — as he saw the dull shepherd  
asleep,

And seiz'd for his supper an innocent sheep.  
„In vain, wretched Victim! for mercy you  
bleat:

„When mutton's at hand," says the wolf,  
I must eat.“

Grimalkin's astonish'd — the Fox stood  
aghast,

To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.

„What a Wretch!" says the Cat — 'Tis the  
vilest of brutes!

„Does he feed upon flesh when there's her-  
bage — and roots?“



Cries the Fox — „While our oaks give us  
acorns so good,  
„What a tyrant is this to spill innocent  
blood!“

Well, onward they march'd, and they  
moraliz'd still,  
Till they came where some poultry pick'd  
chaff by a mill;  
Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous  
eyes,  
And made (spide of morals) a pullet his prize.  
A mouse too, that chanc'd from her co-  
vert to stray,  
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.  
A spider, that sat in her web on the  
wall,  
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their  
fall.  
She cry'd — „Of such murders how guilt-  
less am I!“  
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

#### M O R A L.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom  
we blame,  
But tax not ourselves tho' we practise the  
same.

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## T A L E S.

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### THE THRUSH AND PIE:

#### A T A L E.

---

CONCEAL'D within an hawthorn bush,  
We're told that an experienc'd Thrush  
Instructed, in the prime of spring,  
Many a neighb'ring bird to sing:  
She caroll'd, and her various song  
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:  
But (th'entangling boughs between)  
'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length the little wond'ring race  
Would see their fav'rite face to face:  
They thought it hard to be deny'd,  
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide,  
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault.  
Another shade the tut'refs sought,  
And, loth to be too much admir'd,  
In secret from the bush retir'd.



An impudent, presuming Pie,  
Malicious, ignorant, and sly,  
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,  
And in her arrogance elate,  
Rush'd forward — with — „My friends,  
you see

„The mistress of the choir in me;  
„Here be your due devotion paid;  
„I am the songstress of the shade.“

A linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,  
Made the impostor this reply:

„I fancy, Friend! that vulgar throats  
„Were never form'd for warbling notes;  
„But if these lessons came from you,  
„Repeat them in the public view:  
„That your assertions may be clear,  
„Let us behold as well as hear.“

The length'ning long, the soft'ning strain,  
Our chatt'ring Pie attempts in vain;  
For, to the fool's eternal shame,  
All she could compass was a scream.

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,  
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :  
The caitiff wretch, distress'd — forlorn,  
On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn,  
Till, for her vile atrocious lies,  
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate whose scoundrel claim  
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.



Friend E——, the tale apply:  
 You are — yourself — the chatt'ring Pie.  
 Repent, and, with a conscious blush,  
 Go make atonement to the Thrush.

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## THE PICTURE:

A T A L E.

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A Portrait, at my Lord's command,  
 Completed by a curious hand,  
 For dabblers in the nice *vertu*  
 His Lordship set the piece to view,  
 Bidding their Connoisseurships tell  
 Whether the work was finish'd well.  
 „Why,“ says the loudest, „on my word,  
 „'Tis not a likeness, good my Lord;  
 „Nor, to be plain, for speak I must.  
 „Can I pronounce one feature just.“  
 Another effort straight was made,  
 Another portraiture essay'd;  
 The judges were again besought  
 Each to deliver what he thought.  
 „Worse than the first“ — the critics bawl;  
 „O what a mouth! how monstrous small!



„Look at the cheeks — how lank and thin!  
 „See what a most prepos't'rous chin!“  
 After remonstrance made in vain,  
 „I'll,“ says the Painter, „once again  
 „(If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)  
 „Try for a more successful hit:  
 „If you'll to morrow deign to call,  
 „We'll have a piece to please you all.“  
 To-morrow comes — a Picture's plac'd  
 Before those spurious sons of Taste——  
 In their opinions all agree  
 This is the vilest of the three,  
 „Know — to confute your envious pride,“  
 His Lordship from the canvas cry'd,  
 „Know — that it is my real face  
 „Where you could no resemblance trace:  
 „I have try'd you by a lucky trick,  
 „And prov'd your genius to the quick.  
 „Void of all judgment — justice — sense,  
 „Out — ye pretending Varlets! — hence.“

The Connoisseurs depart in haste,  
 Despis'd — detected — and disgrac'd.

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## T H E W I T C H :

A T A L E.

A Witch that from her ebon chair  
 Could hurl destruction thro' the air,  
 Or at her all-commanding will  
 Make the tumultuous ocean still,  
 Once by an incantation fell,  
 (As the recording Druids tell,)  
 Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light  
 Silver'd the sober noon of night,  
 From the domain she held above,  
 Down to a dark infernal grove.

„Give me,“ the goddess cry'd, „a cause  
 „Why you disturb my secret laws.  
 „Look at my train — yon wand'ring host,  
 „See how the trembling stars are lost!  
 „Thro' the celestial regions wide  
 „Why do they range without a guide?  
 „Chaos from our confusion may  
 „Hope for his old detested sway.“  
 „I'm,“ says the Witch, „severely crost;  
 „Know that my fav'rite squirrel's lost!  
 „Search — for I'll have creation torn  
 „If he's not found before the morn.“



Soon as the impious charge was giv'n,  
From the tremendous stores of heav'n,  
Jove with a bolt — revengeful red,  
Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,  
With pow'r enough to plague mankind,  
That, for their own nefarious ends,  
Tread upon Freedom and her friends,  
Let 'em beware the Witch's fate;  
When their presumption's at the height,  
Jove with his angry pow'rs assume,  
And the cur'd miscreants meet their doom.

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O D E S.

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AN IRREGULAR ODE ON MUSIC.

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CEASE, gentle Sounds! nor kill me quite  
With such excess of sweet delight;  
Each trembling note invades my heart,  
And thrills thro' ev'ry vital part;  
A soft — a pleasing pain  
Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein.  
What — what does the enchantment mean?  
Ah! give the charming magic o'er,  
My beating heart can bear no more.

Now, wild with fierce desire,  
My breast is all on fire!  
In soften'd raptures now I die!  
Can empty sound such joys impart?  
Can Music thus transport the heart  
With melting ecstasy?  
O Art divine! exalted blessing!  
Each celestial charm expressing!



Kindest gift the gods bestow!  
Sweetest good that mortals know!

When seated in a verdant shade  
(Like tuneful Thyrsis) Orpheus play'd,  
The distant trees forsake the wood,  
The list'ning beasts neglect their food,  
To hear the heav'nly sound;  
The Dryads leave the mountains,  
The Naiads quit the fountains,  
And in a sprightly chorus dance around.

To raise the stately walls of ancient Troy  
Sweet Phoebus did his tuneful harp employ:  
See what soft harmony can do!  
The moving rocks the sound pursue.  
Till in a large collected mass they grew.  
Had Thyrsis liv'd in these remoter days,  
His were the chaplet of immortal bays:  
Apollo's harp unknown,  
The shepherd had remain'd of song  
The deity alone.

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A BIRTH-DAY ODE.

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

RECITATIVE.

HARK — how the soul of Music reigns,  
As when the first great birth of Nature  
sprung!  
When Chaos burst his massy chains,  
'Twas thus the cherubs sung:

AIR.

Hail — hail! from this auspicious morn  
Shall British glories rise;  
Now are the mighty treasures born  
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,  
And lift her to the skies.

RECITATIVE.

Let George's mighty banners spread,  
His lofty clarions roar,  
Till warlike Echo fills with dread  
The hostile Gallic shore.



## A I R.

Mark — how his name with terror fills!  
 The magic sound Rebellion kills,  
 And brightens all the northern hills,  
 Where pallid Treasons dwell;  
 The monster shall no more arise,  
 Upon the ground she panting lies,  
 Beneath his William's foot she dies,  
 And now she sinks to hell.

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Haste — let Ierne's harp be newly strung,  
 And after mighty George be William sung.

## A I R.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,  
 William stands the first in story;  
 He with British ardour glows:  
 See — the pride of Gallia fading!  
 See — the youthful warrior leading  
 Britons vengeful to their foes?

## R E C I T A T I V E.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,  
 Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts:  
 While Stanhope smiles her sons are blest,  
 In native loyalty confest.



## A I R.

See — O see, thrice happy Isle!  
See what gracious George bestew'd;  
Twice \* have you seen a Stanhope smile:  
These are gifts become a god!

How the grateful island glows!  
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd,  
Whilst by subjects and by foes  
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

## C H O R U S.

Like Persians, to the rising sun  
Respectful homage pay;  
At George's birth our joys begun;  
Salute the glorious day!

\* Earl of Chesterfield and Earl of Harrington,  
both successively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

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## A N O D E

*For the Birth-day of the King of Prussia.*

*Arma virumque cano.*

*Virg.*

## RECITATIVE.

**M**ORE glorious than the comet's blaze  
That thro' the starry regions strays,  
From Zembla to the Torrid Zone  
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

## AIR.

Be banish'd from the books of Fame  
Ye deeds in distant ages done!  
Lost and inglorious is the name  
Of Hannibal or Philip's son.  
Could Greece or conqu'ring Carthage sing  
A hero great as Prussia's king?

Where restless Envy can't explore,  
Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly,  
Fate bad victorious Fred'rick soar  
For laurels that can never die.  
Could Greece, etc.



His rapid bolts tremendous break  
 Thro' nations arm'd in dread array,  
 Swift as the furious blasts that shake  
 The bosom of the frightened sea.  
 Could Greece, etc.

In vain to shake the throne of Jove  
 With impious rage the Giants try'd;  
 'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove  
 In vain — their haughty legions dy'd.  
 Could Greece, etc.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels,  
 Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll;  
 Immortal Truth his bosom steels,  
 And guards him glorious to the goal.  
 Could Greece, etc.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields  
 In concert with her brave ally,  
 Saves her fair Roses in the fields  
 Where Gaul's detested Lilies die.  
 Wreaths of eternal friendship spring  
 'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's king.

The jocund bowl let Briton's raise,  
 And crown the jovial board with mirth;  
 Fill — to great Fred'rick's length of days,  
 And hail the hero's glorious birth —  
 Could Greece or Conqu'ring Carthage sing  
 A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's king?

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## A N O D E

*Composed for the Birth-day of the late  
General Blakeney.*

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**T**HE Muses' harps, by Concord strung,  
Loud let them strike the festal lay,  
Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,  
To hail her hero's natal day.  
Arise, paternal Glory! rise,  
And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

Behold his warlike banners wave!  
Like Britain's oak the hero stands  
The shield — the shelter of the brave,  
The guardian o'er the British bands.  
Arise, paternal, etc.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's \* brows,  
Which Fraud or Faction planted there:  
France to the gallant hero bows,  
And Europe's chiefs his name revere.  
Arise, paternal, etc.

\* \* Richelieu, commander of the expedition against  
Port-Mahon.



With partial conquest on their side,  
 The sons of Gaul — a pageant crew!  
 Rank but inglorious, in their pride,  
 To Blakeney and his vanquish'd few.  
 Arise, paternal, etc.

Hibernia \* with maternal care  
 His labour'd statue lifts on high:  
 Be partial, Time! — the trophy spare,  
 That Blakeney's name may never die.  
 Arise, paternal Glory! rise,  
 And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

\* A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory  
 of General Blakeney who was a native of  
 Ireland.

*(The continuation shall be given in the next  
 volume.)*

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